VOGUE

DEC. $1
Special Issue

Once-a-Year Gala for the Christmas Eye





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DECEMBER, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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PENN

COVER: To dazzle the Christmas Eye, the jewel of the year—a huge, gilded pineapple helmet flaming with a ransom of diamonds . . . four-hundred-and-ninety-eight perfect blue-white stones in all. This cage of fantasy, designed especially for Vogue by Elizabeth Arden's young makeup wizard, Pablo, and executed by Harry Winston. To wear with it, a Pablo maquillage of extra warmth and glow—Veiled Radiance foundation, in a shade called Dark Rosetta; Sun Gold Cake Eyeshadow; the lipstick, Brilliance!, a vivid vermilion. All: Elizabeth Arden. The jewel, by Harry Winston.

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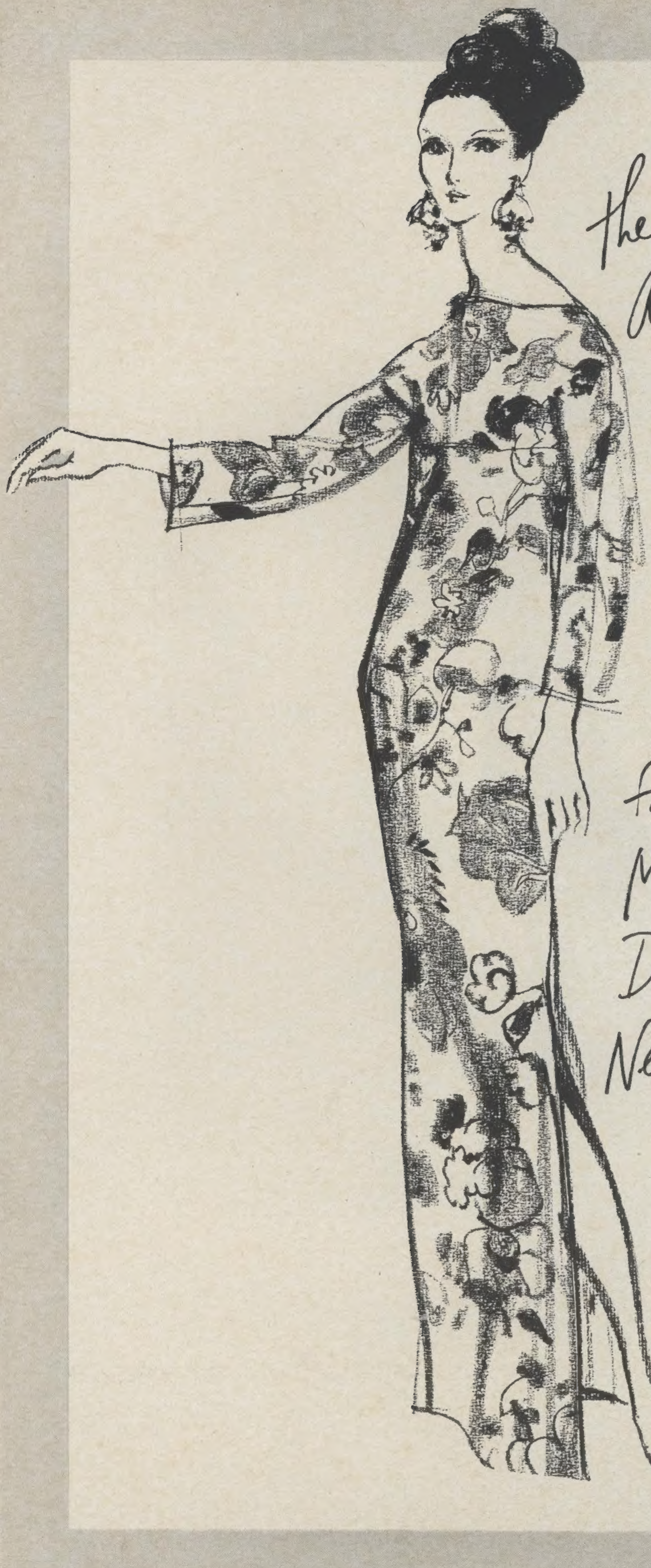


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KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



the Resort Scene
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for Maurice Rentner.
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GEOFFREY BEENE

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA



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11

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←P.S. Look inside for the fashions.

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Appliqué details for the jacket of this linen look rayon and flax 3-piece suit. In contrasting shades of beige, blue and green. 10 to 18, about $35.

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Versatile suit of windowpane check textured worsted, with belted jersey overblouse. White with navy or wheat. 8 to 16, about $90.

Easy-fitting skimmer of embroidered moygashel linen. Oyster, yellow, pink, blue. 6 to 16, about $66.

"Ripplestitch" double kn 2-piece with satin bound White, black, navy, turq pink. 10 to 18, about $2

Write to Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 10018, for name of store near you selling the label you want.

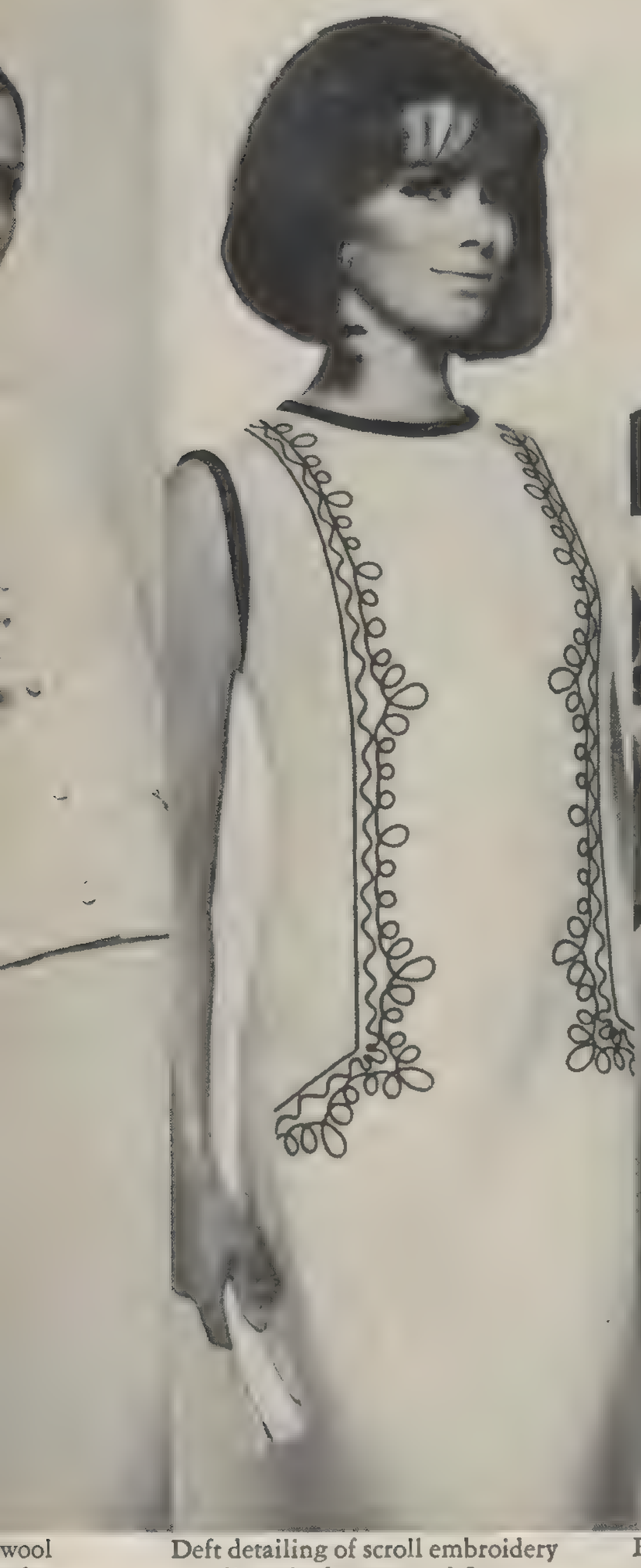
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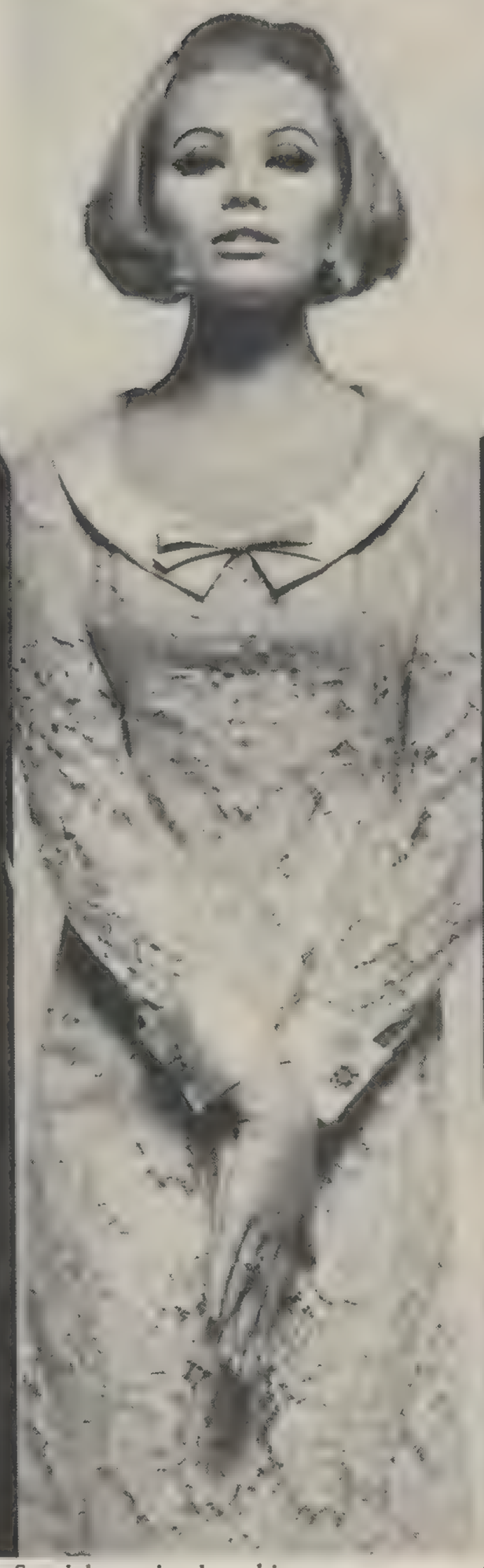


wool
acket.
oise,

Deft detailing of scroll embroidery on a linen-look rayon and flax skimmer. Oyster with eggplant or blue with plum. 8 to 16, about $20.



Elegant 3-piece suit, the jacket and skirt in basketweave rayon; acetate print blouse. Navy or black. 12½ to 22½, about $40.



Special occasion lace skimmer with satin collar and cuffs. Ecru in sizes 5 to 15, about $30.



Soft approach in a double knit wool 3-piece costume. Navy blazer and sleeveless overblouse, white skirt, yellow silk scarf. 6 to 16, about $90.

Prices slightly higher in the West



VOGUE'S 25th PRIX DE PARIS

Prix de Paris enrollees who have submitted their answers to the First Quiz are eligible to continue in the competition by completing the Second Quiz printed here.

SECOND QUIZ

Please answer all four questions.

Write a profile of yourself. *(600 words or less)*

What woman in public life today do you think has great personal style? Explain why you approve of her way of dressing, and what makes it individual. *(300 words or less)*

How would you define fashion? Which costume in the November 15 issue of Vogue best illustrates your definition? Which costume do you like least, and why? *(250 words or less)*

If you win First Prize in the Prix de Paris, how do you envision your year at Vogue as a Junior Editor? What do you hope the job will involve? *(250 words or less)*

Answers to the Second Quiz are due on January 10, 1966, and should be mailed to:
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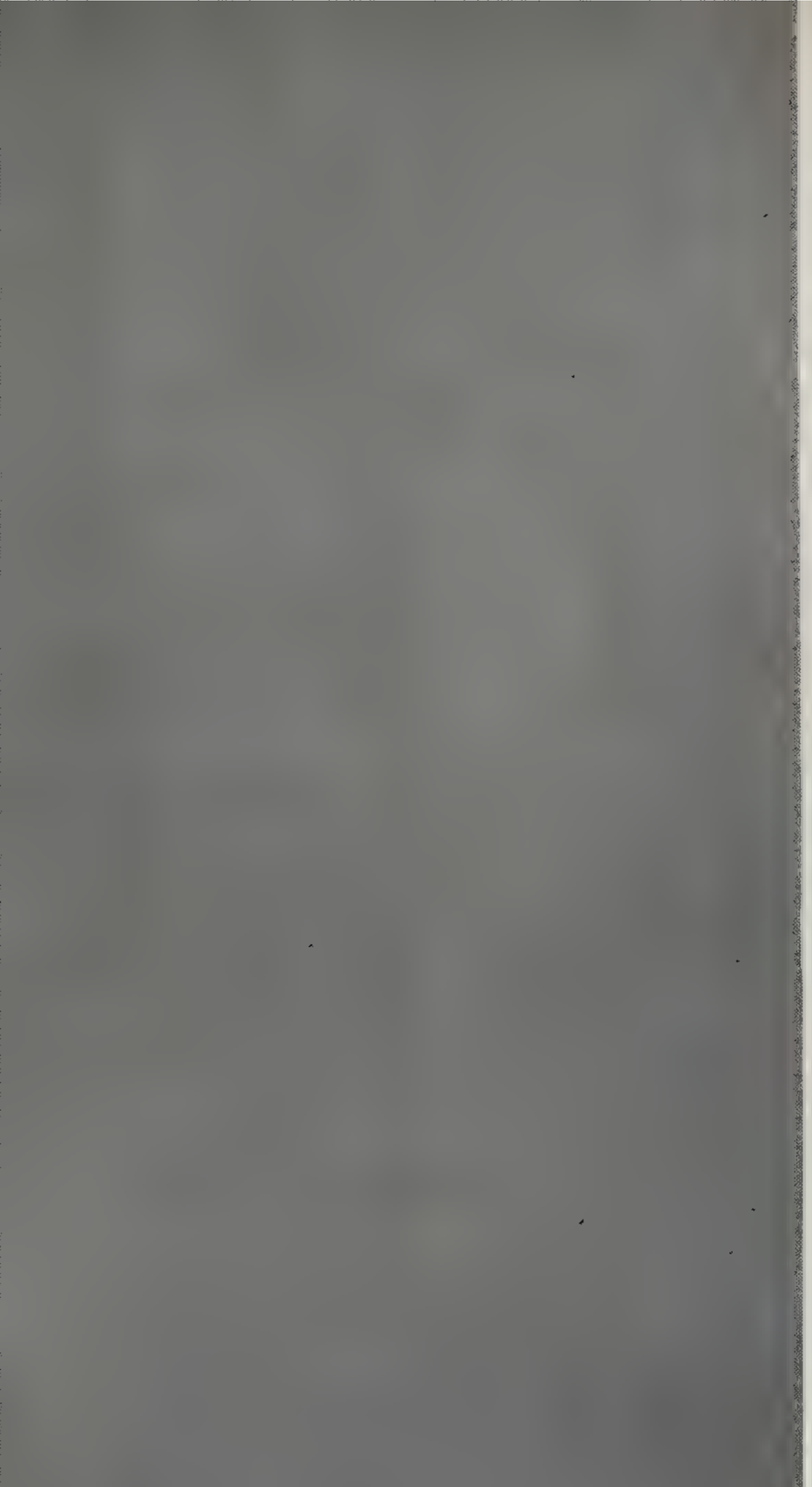
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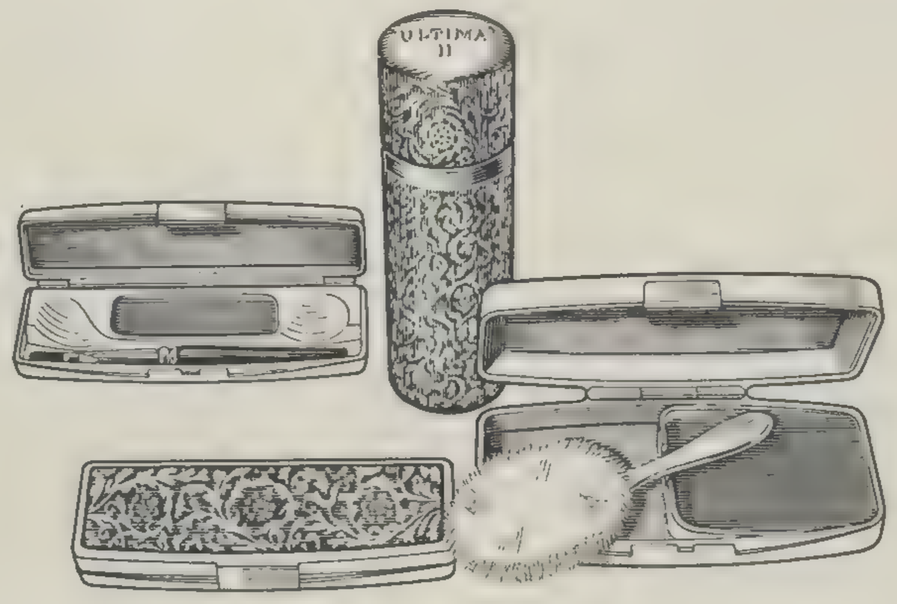
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The hardest thing to do in fashion is what appears to be simple. The easiest is something contrived. That is why the most difficult thing to design is the simple black dress. The hardest thing to do in making up a face is what appears to be simple. The easiest is something contrived. That is why one sees so few great faces.

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2 'Intimate' Fragrance Candle—to fill the air with that cherished fragrance! Just light the candle in the filigree holder, and m-m-m-m! 5.00

3 'Intimate' Trio—intriguing new way for her to discover 'Intimate' (cherished as one of the world's 7 great fragrances). Perfume Bath Oil, Spray Mist and Eau de Toilette—all for only 5.00

4 Imported Brocade Evening Caché—elegant new edition of a Revlon Christmas tradition. Super-Lustrous lipstick and Demi-Tasse 'Love-Pat' makeup compact, both with the look of textured gold, in an exquisite little brocade case. 6.00

5 'Looking-Glass' Demi-Tasse—the better to see herself! Gilt-handled compact with an 'ivory' cameo on the front, an elegant mirror on the back, 'Love-Pat' makeup inside. Refillable. 6.50

6 A Rose is a Rose is a Lipstick Rose—(and only Revlon grows it!) Each long-stemmed Christmas beauty holds a Super-Lustrous lipstick in a textured gold-tone Florentine case. Each comes in a long-stemmed gold paisley gift envelope. Pick plenty—they're chic-er by the dozen! 2.00 each

7 New Brocade 'Clutchable'—really 3 gifts in 1! Sumptuous case fitted with 'Love-Pat' compact, Super-Lustrous lipstick. Pink, blue, white. 3.50

8 'Intimate' and 'Aquamarine' Sachets—to keep her lingerie and linens deliciously scented. Three sachets gift-boxed in shimmering paisley. 3.50

9 'Color Palazzo' for Lips and Fingertips—a new fashion wardrobe of Revlon colors! 6 Super-Lustrous lipsticks, 6 matching nail enamels. 5.00

10 'Revlon Doll'—the doll grown-up girls love. A tall, terrific redhead with baby-blue eyes—and exciting Revlon gifts inside: 'Intimate' Perfume and Spray Mist in filigree flacons; 'Intimate' Milk

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...everything from A-to-Whee, all done up like a Christmas tree!



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11 'Aquamarine' Floradorables—her favorite daytime fragrance in frivolous disguise. Each flapper-capped bottle of Eau de Toilette, 2.00

12 Paisley Rondelle Compact—with the look of hand-wrought gold. (Probably the most elegant compact ever created, even by Revlon!) For loose powder, or filled with 'Love-Pat' makeup. 5.50

13 Fragrance 'Dream Girls'—little chics bearing gifts! 'Intimate' Doll with Spray Mist, Spray Bath Oil, 5.50. 'Aquamarine' Doll with Complexion Soap, Moisture Lotion and Eau de Toilette. 4.50

14 Demi-Tasse Petit Point Compacts—to give her the best of both worlds! Topped with precious petit point from Europe, filled with America's most-loved makeup: 'Love-Pat'. (Refillable) 4.50

15 Demi-Tasse Compacts—so costly-looking, they'd even fool a jewel thief! (Each prettier than the next, each filled with 'Love-Pat'.) Paisley lamé compact, 3.00. 'Ivory' cameo or textured gold-tone sparkling with tiny pretend gems, 5.00

16 Luxurious Lizard-Grain Manicure Kit—rich red and ready for the perfect manicure! Fitted with the finest implements, the newest shade in nail enamel and Super-Lustrous lipstick. 10.00

17 New! 'Intimate' Fragrance Candlestick—to start the holidays in a blaze of excitement! Light the bright red candle in the gilded cherub base and 'Intimate' fragrance fills the air. Only 3.85

18 Bath Luxury à la Revlon—the extravagant gesture she'll adore! 'Aquamarine' Bath Powder in a shimmering blue-green paisley box with a lush aqua puff. Or 'Intimate' Bath Powder in red-gold paisley with a pretty pink puff. Each 3.75

19 The 'Londonaire' for Men—who but Revlon could make such a great case for good grooming! Imported alligator grain leather kit fitted with fine Revlon precision-crafted implements. 10.00

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LES FLEURS D'HIVER



Dorothy Cox Designs...winter flowering fashions to follow the sun anywhere. Left: Cotton pique on the curve in a fresh frond print. In Bahamas blue, pink or green. About $40. Right: Slender-as-a-jonquil shift in Moygashel linen. Deeper yellow creates a scallop accent at the neckline. In Caneel blue, pink or yellow. About $30. Both sizes 8-20.

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Christmas time



...and dinner time



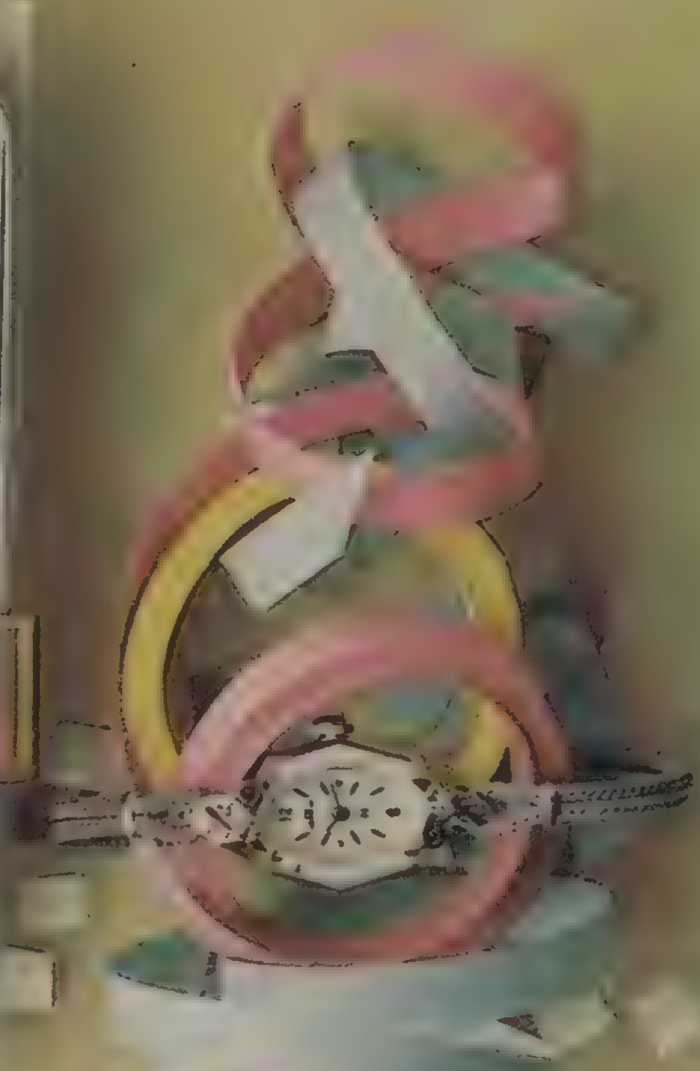
...and summer time



...and springtime



...and arrival time



...and the big time

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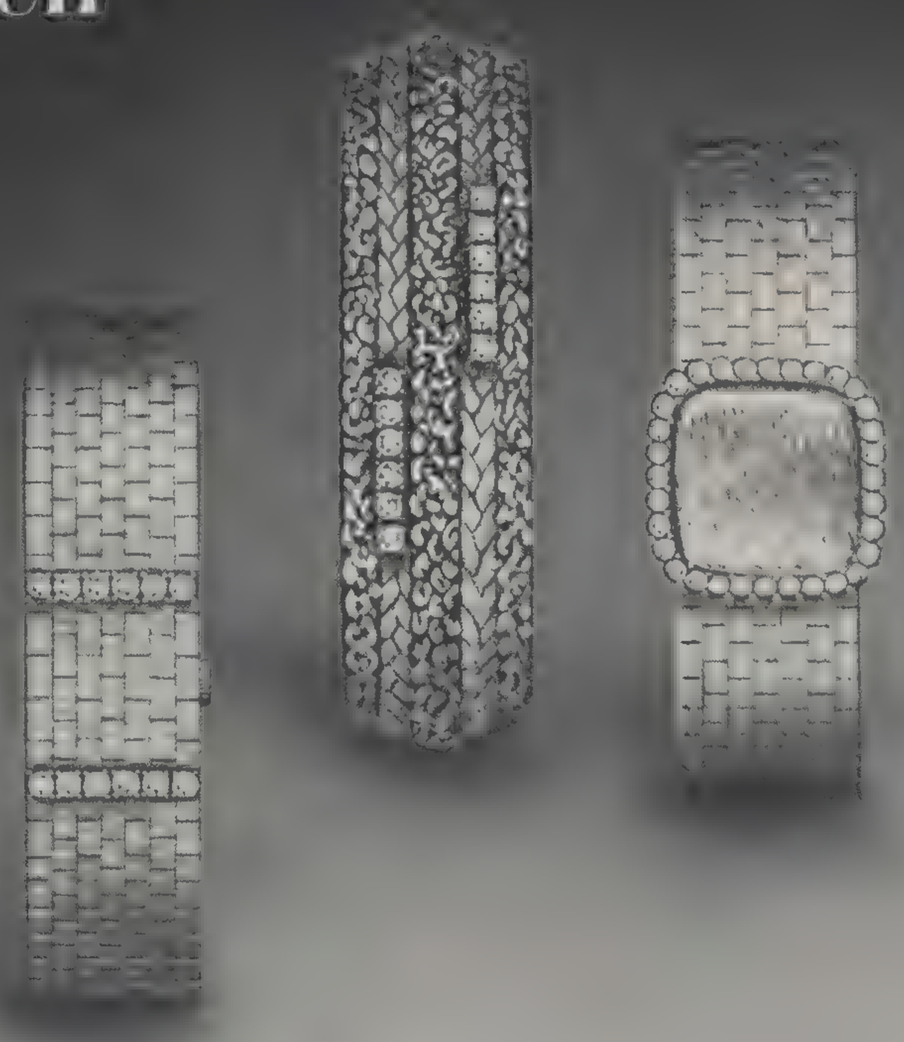
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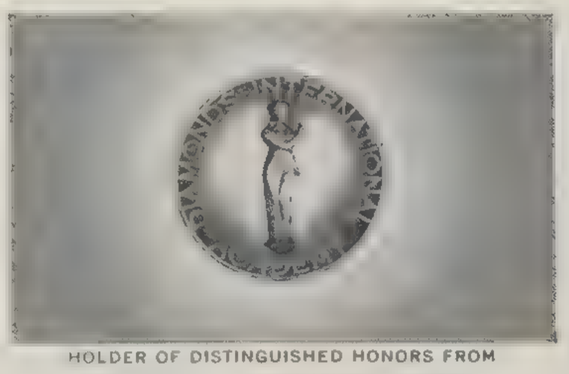
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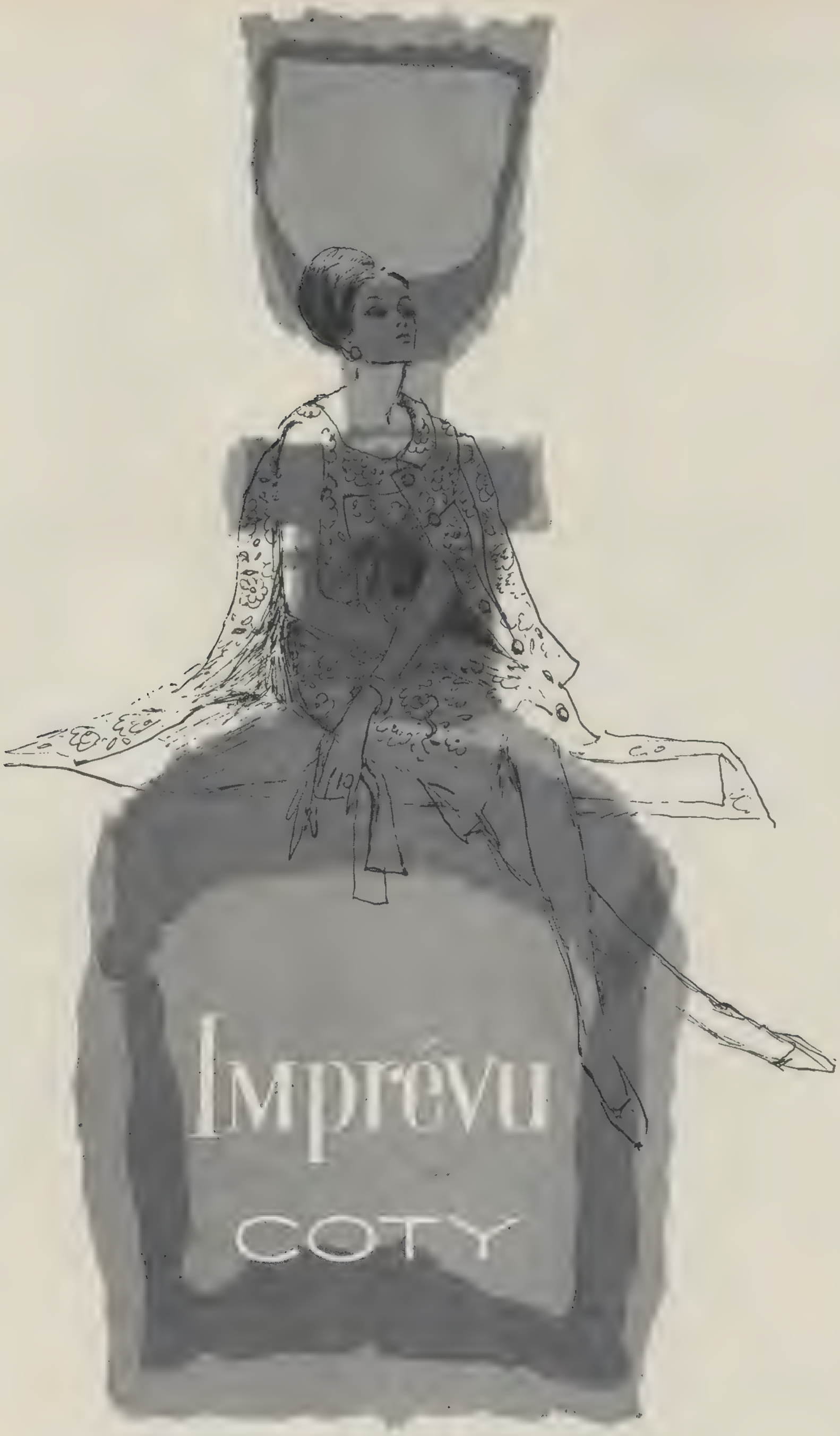
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A book bag of thrillers

By Ralph Blum

The spy, the fictional man of the hour, is easy to spot. He may be a swashbuckler, snobbish, cruel-eyed, a devil with women, and an artist at dodging and dispensing death in familiar environs rendered strange by nightmare realism. Or he may be the unkempt anti-hero, easily mistaken for a clerk on holiday—at least until he reveals himself to be armed with slyly lethal weapons and esoteric know-how. Whatever his guise, if his story is well told, it will provide that element common to all good adventure tales: suspense. It was, I believe, Roald Dahl who said to put a character in jeopardy and tighten the screws until, "if the torture is expertly applied, the reader will cry out, 'I can't stand it, not for another moment! Oh, isn't it wonderful!'—and he will read on."

Among this season's successes there is a lady. Out of the comic-strip pages of the Beaverbrook newspapers and into a novel comes *Modesty Blaise* (Doubleday), Peter O'Donnell's ex-smuggler and jewel thief gone straight and lending her wits to the Foreign Office. She's rich, she's retired, she's only twenty-six, and she's yummy. Assisted in her first romp by her Cockney sidekick, Willie Garvin, Modesty crosses skills with a high-style villain named Gabriel, whose only pleasures are violence, power, and "Tom and Jerry" cartoons. In this story the target is a sheikh's ransom in diamonds. Like Ian Fleming's long-lived monster, Ernst Stavro Blofeld, Gabriel escapes at the end; I hope to reappear. The current caper is on its way to the screen. And deservedly so.

For sheer delight, for the gritty satisfaction of feeling that you have not been cheated or conned, I can recommend *Waldorf* (Random House), a first novel by James Goldman. It is the one espionage novel I have read which is truly picaresque. And that, in the end, is the only tradition capable of encompassing the covert lunacy of our time. R. (for Rhinelander) Waldorf Appleton is a nebbish. Only a nebbish could bury himself in the Costa Rican jungle, take on the entire espionage *Apparat* of the world, and come out a winner. If Ashenden and Richard Hannay were alive today, they would embrace Waldorf as their tragicomic brother, and endorse his vision of life: "Making arms in order not to use them, fighting in the name of peace, dying in order to live—the irony was bleak but none the less ironic, as if man's path had been written by Dean Swift." The book is a triumph of what Waldorf calls "incomparable *savoir rien*."

I also liked Jack D. Hunter's *The Expendable Spy* (Dutton). The setting is Germany at the end of World War II; the story, of a spy on a routine job who stumbles into bigger things. The espionage milieu is muted and opaque; there is no showing off, no glib expertise. While the hero probes ever deeper into those matters that make him expendable, Hunter manages comic moments, as when a colleague greets the hero with, "Ah, Jack von Armstrong, the all-American German." By all means find a copy of Hunter's first novel, *The Blue Max* (now a Bantam paperback), a brilliant and evocative book about German aviators in World War I.

Most current spy fiction, good and bad, has focused on and around Germany and its cloven heart, Berlin. It was a distinct pleasure, then, to find myself in a Communist Chinese setting, in Oswald Wynd's taut, unnerving *Death the Red Flower* (Harcourt, Brace & World). Wynd's evil scientists, security police, and treacherous politicians—an agreeable change from the common run of music-hall Soviet villains—are Oriental masters of the art of saying "absolutely nothing at some length and doing this with a kind of deliberate insolence beneath a (Continued on page 90)

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shown on opposite page
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Anne Fogarty



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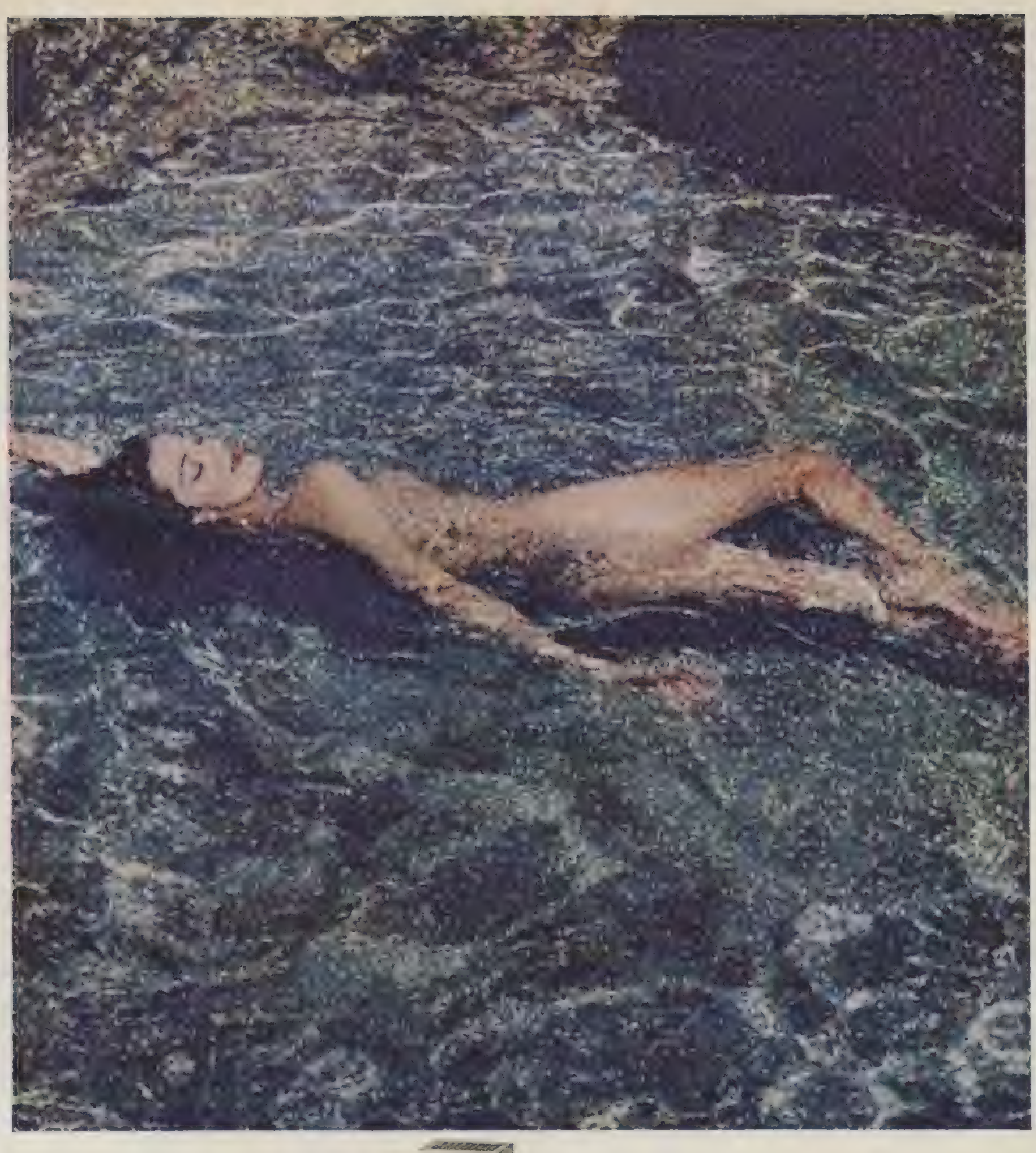
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You can see these and other
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Mr. Paul Rowntree has the Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter. Engraved design. Gold-tone emblem. $16.50.



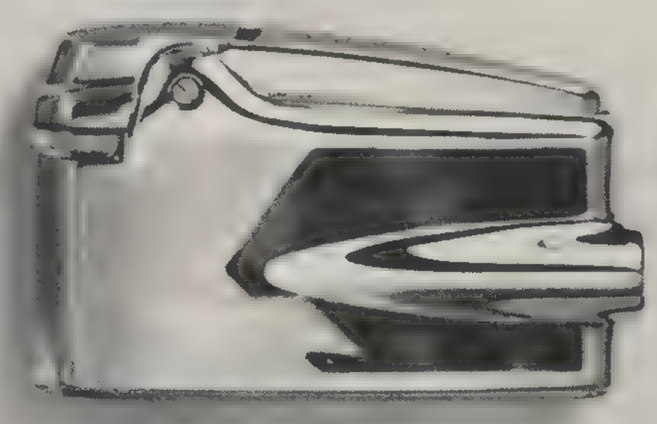
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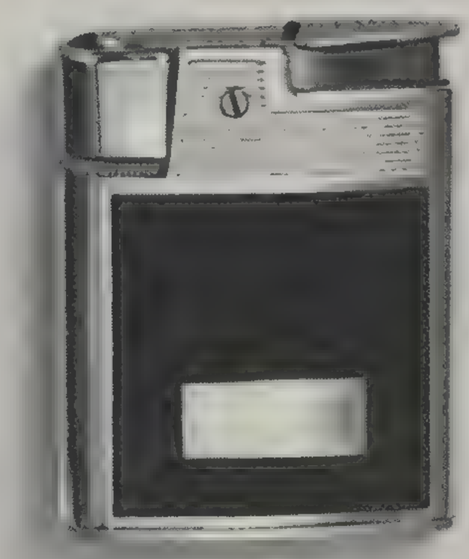
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A book bag of thrillers

(Continued from page 54)

veneer of almost traditional Chinese courtesy." If the Chinese really do possess a portable atom bomb, I hope they never read this book: Wynd's scheme for delivery aboard an English cargo ship seems altogether too plausible.

But far too much of the recent spy fiction is implausible, inferior stuff. I would warn you particularly against these, because they may be made to sound enticing; don't believe it.

Ian Fleming's *The Man with the Golden Gun* (New American Library), is the last of the James Bond novels. The twenty-four shock treatments "007" underwent before he was fit to tackle this assignment seems to have had unfortunate side effects. Jamaica again, a gaggle of international thugs headed by Scaramanga, a villain too vain not to be a pushover, ho-hum. . . . And sloppy. For example, *ganja*, or marijuana, sells for about £16 the pound, *not* the ounce; and while Jamaican signs occasionally reckon distance in "chains," I have never heard a native do so—not even down in Savanna-la-Mar. As Fleming's swan song, it reads like a dirge by Bondo-san's literary executors.

In Victor Canning's *Whip Hand* (Sloane-Morrow) the facts are abysmal, the prose even more so. Take the opening: "I had my feet up on the desk, smoking and staring at the far wall. . . ." Or such slashing imagery as a wallet "eight months pregnant."

Julian Semyonov's *Petrovka 38* (Stein & Day), a Literary Guild selection, is billed as the "first thriller out of Russia." The crooks are no match for Moscow's Criminal Investigation Department. The thrills are negligible, as are such virtues as originality, style, believable dialogue. Here and there, a character, a scene comes to life; then it all turns back to wood. Michael Scammel's translation has a faintly hurried feeling. Petrovka 38, by the way, is not the phone number of the Moscow CID, but rather its street address. I used to walk by and hear the cops playing tennis. Yet, unlike the far better work of Abram Tertz (who has not, I'm willing to bet, set foot in Russia in fifteen years), this novel really *was* written by someone living in the Soviet Union. I'm not sure that alone makes it worth reading.

Finally, a rare item: an amusing spy anthology. Not since Vincent Starrett's *World's Great Spy Stories* (1944) has there been a well-rounded collection of espionage tales. Until the real thing comes along, *To Catch a Spy* (Atheneum) makes an entertaining stopgap, largely because Eric Ambler selected the contents and provided notes and an introductory essay on the history and craft of the genre. Mr. Ambler's theory seems sound: before 1900, gentlemen did not spy. Although I wish he had said more about Graham Greene and Ian Fleming and added an E. Phillips Oppenheim excerpt, Ambler wisely included a section of Sir Compton Mackenzie's *The Three Couriers* and a fine piece of vintage John Buchan, *The Loathly Opposite.*

One other anthology seems worthy of mention, because of its introduction and notes, although it deals strictly with the apolitical craft of murder. That is Basil Davenport's *13 Ways to Kill a Man* (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The tales themselves are pedestrian, apart from a few classic examples of murder technique by Roald Dahl (bludgeoning a husband with a frozen leg of lamb) and John Collier (disassembling and packaging a wife and storing her in the basement). But Davenport's notes themselves are packed with intriguing homicidal marginalia. I was fascinated to learn that, to this day, the statutes of Oxford University prohibit the use by undergraduates of "arquebuses and arbalists," and that the snake in Conan Doyle's *The Speckled Band* was a Russell's viper. It seems almost as though the thirteen tales were a pretext for the editor to display his own delightful erudition. Husbands, wives, and secret agents might bear in mind, while doing their Christmas shopping, Davenport's final solemn thought: "There is scarcely a single object in the world that can not be used to kill a man."

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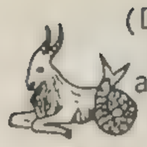
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AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21–Feb. 19)
Now is not the time for doubt. Have confidence.

PISCES
(Feb. 20–March 20)
This is the day that can fulfill all of your dreams.



ARIES
(March 21–April 20)
Act daringly on this day, to be lovely.

TAURUS
(April 21–May 21)
The day is here to try the new.



GEMINI
(May 22–June 21)
Be alert to your beauty. Do not dare to ignore it.

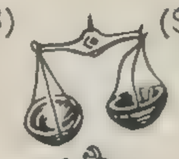


CANCER
(June 22–July 23)
Something very new is about t happen to you. Be glad.



LEO
(July 24–Aug. 23)
Beauty can be yours if you choose well.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24–Sept. 23)
Embark today in a beautiful direction.



LIBRA
(Sept. 24–Oct. 23)
Prepare now to achieve a new beautiful you.

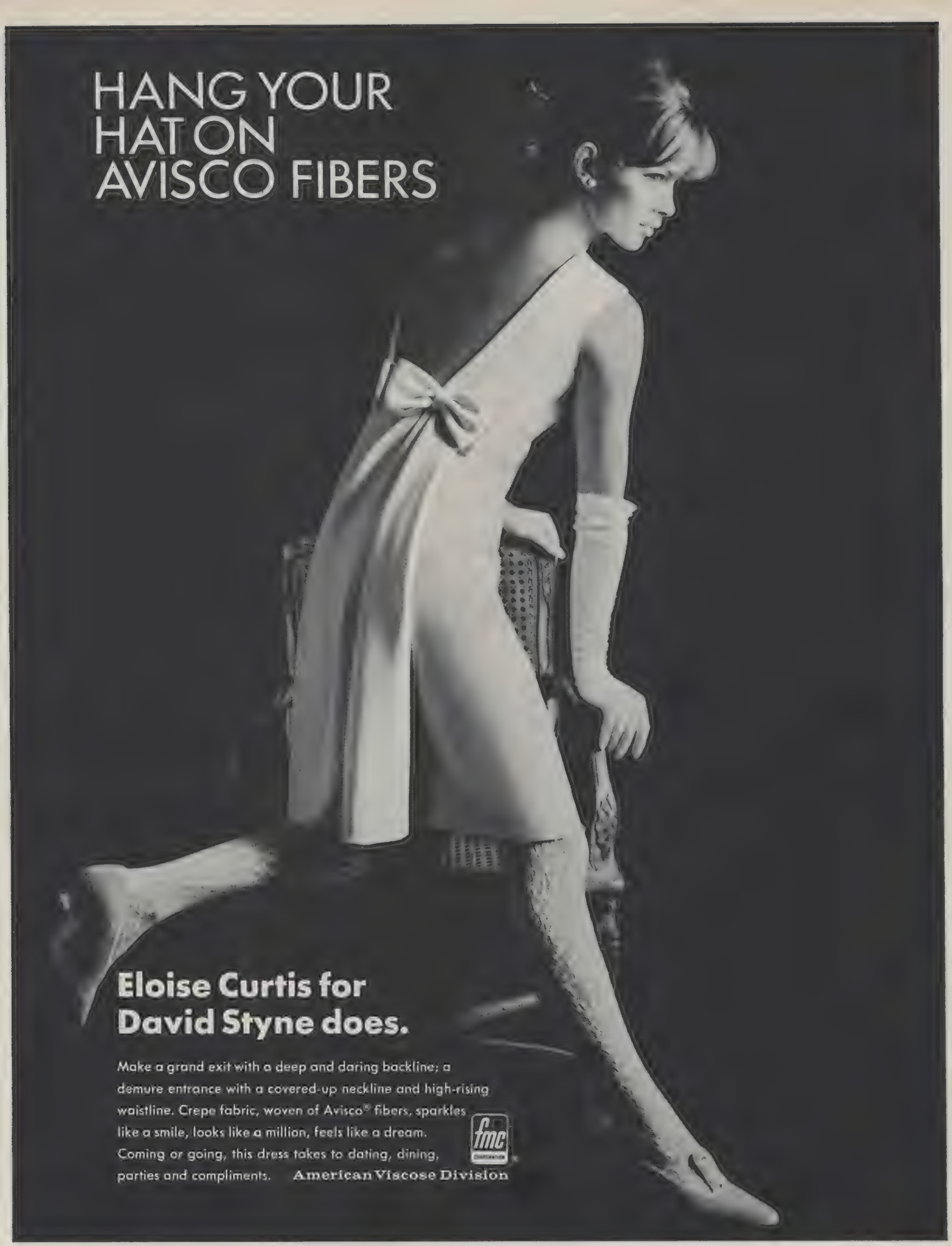
SCORPIO
(Oct. 24–Nov. 22)
Important this day. Overlook no detail for newer beauty.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23–Dec. 21)
Your life can change this very day. Act now.



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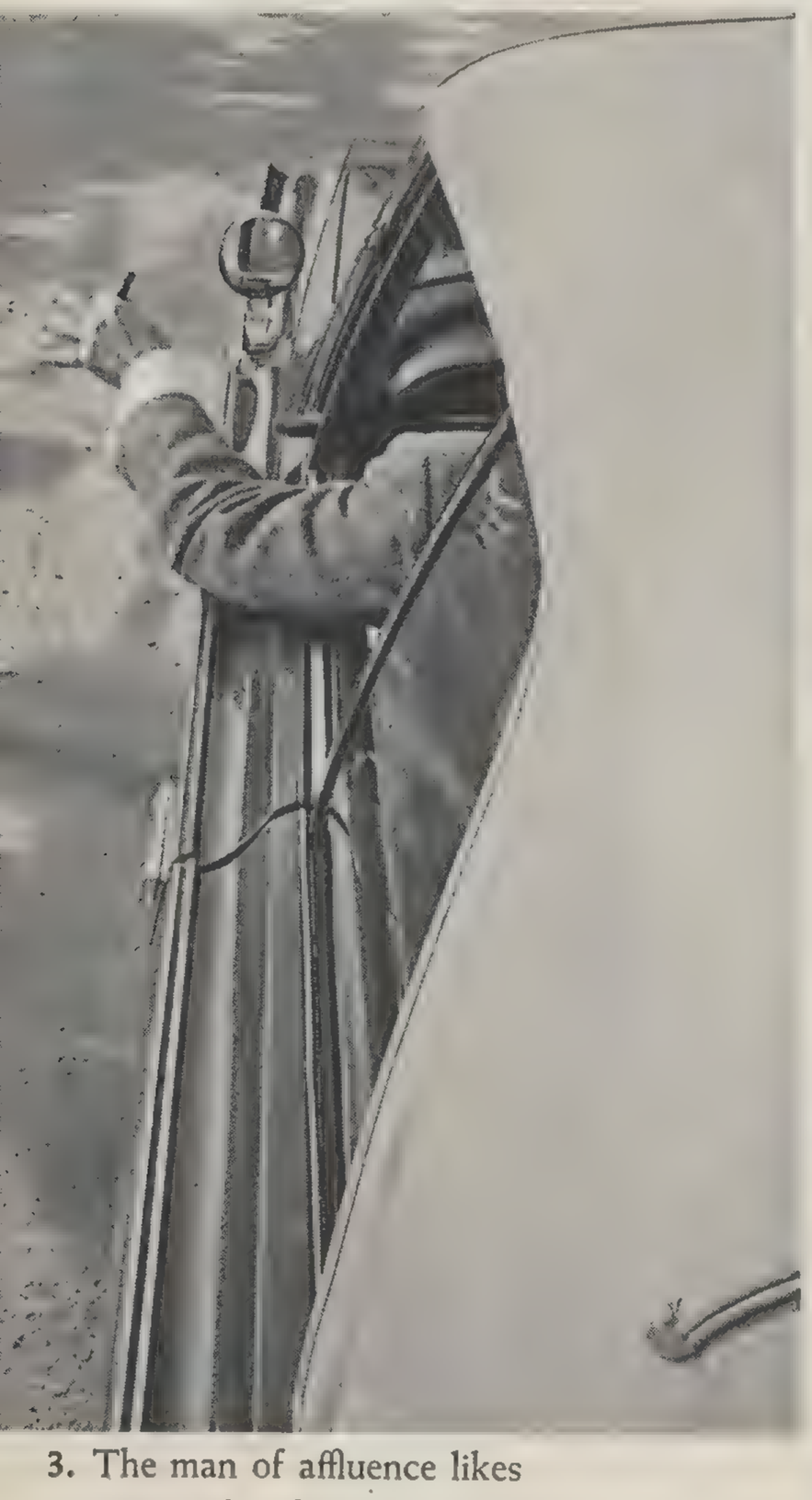
(Match his personality to one below and find the ties that will make him feel good, too.)



1. If he has a wizard mind and a string of blue chip investments, give him a blue chip tie. Traditional regimental stripes colored with a new slant.



2. If he's artistic, you should be, too. Give him this avant garde design embroidered on thick, rich, pure silk.



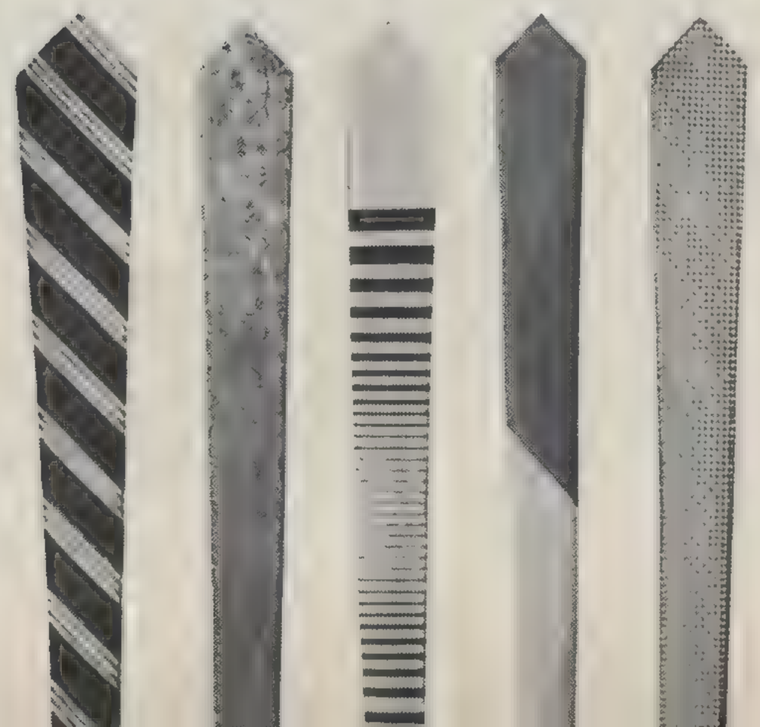
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4. If he's an individualist, give him a tie that doesn't look like everyone else's. The half and half tie in color hues that are the new cry.



5. The sporting man likes a sporting tie. Give him a rough hewn weave in dashing colors.



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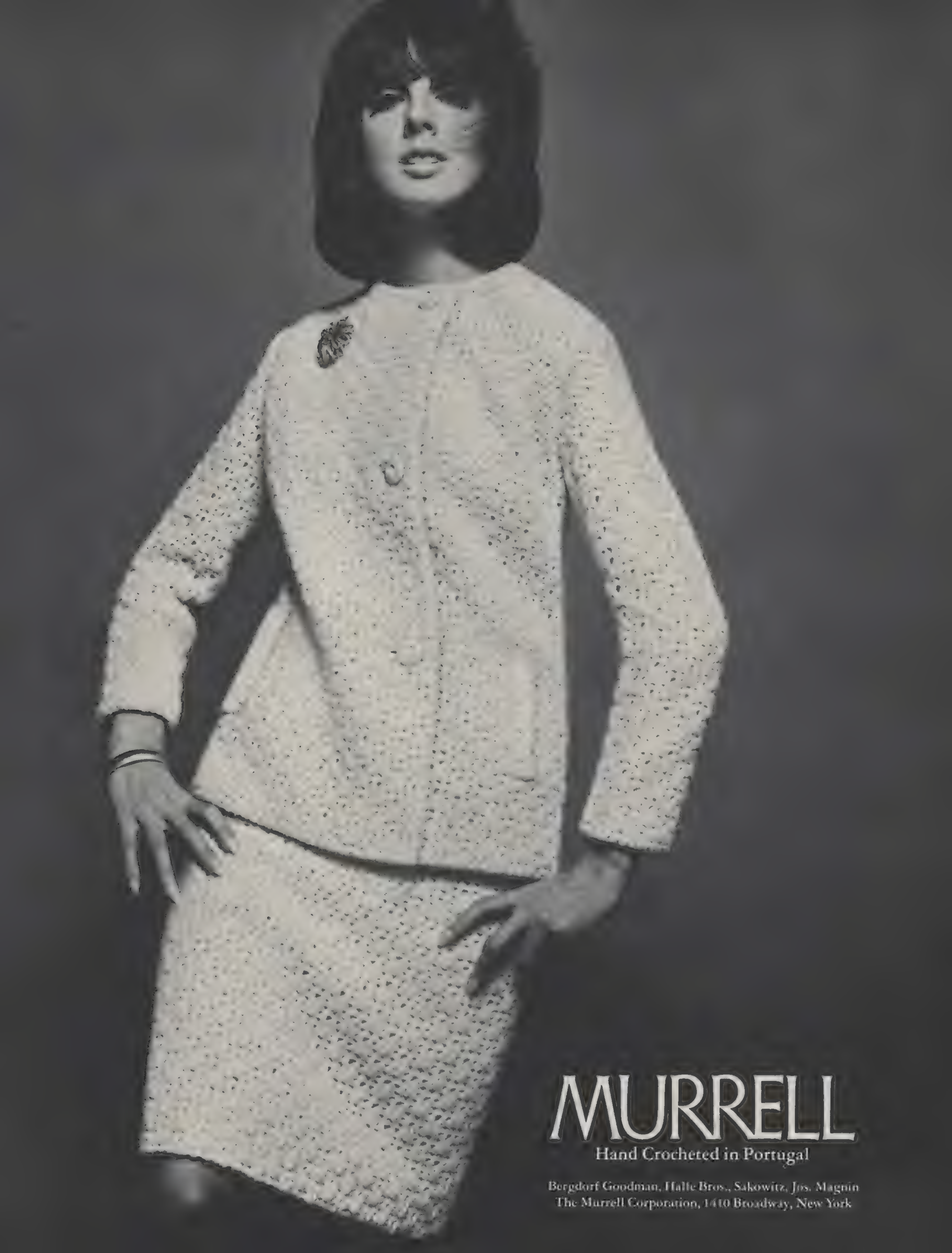
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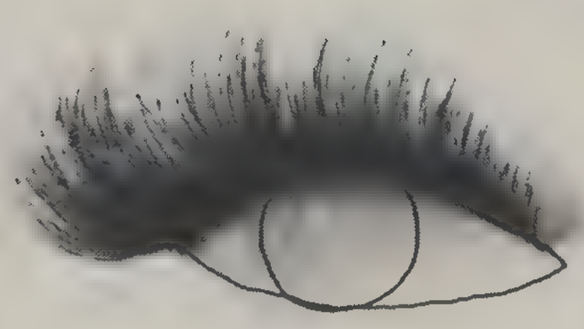


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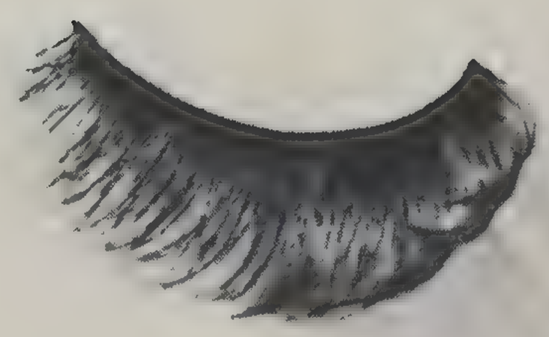
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Letter from Liverpool . . . almost

By Betty Comden

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Betty Comden with Adolph Green has written, and sometimes performed, some of the snappiest fun on Broadway and in the movies, including* On the Town, Bells Are Ringing, *and* Singin' in the Rain. *The Comden-Green compound jelled in the thirties when these two were among "The Revuers," a group which has become a parent image for witty, topical shows. Now in Hollywood Miss Comden and Mr. Green are finishing an original script, a shiny container for, Miss Comden said, "about a thousand Irving Berlin songs."*

We must have presented a touching picture. I had one arm around each of our two children: a girl, fifteen, and a boy of eleven, and we were all clinging to one another much like the three in "The Mother of the Gracchi," a picture of that Roman matron and the offspring she used to speak of as her "jewels," which I remember from my old set of *The Book of Knowledge. My* jewels! Tears streamed down three pairs of cheeks.

My husband and I had just finished interrupting our young during their nightly ritual of rock 'n' roll record listening to impart the news that we were about to realize a dream five years in the making . . . a trip to Europe with us for their Easter vacation. What resulted was the kind of golden moment that makes all the vicissitudes of parenthood suddenly worthwhile. The children, cool characters both, reacted with spontaneous, uncontrolled emotion, and actually wept for joy. They rushed into my arms and we formed the tableau described as I beamed mistily across at my husband.

Europe with the children was to be realized at last. We had only ten days—five for London and five for Paris—but it obviously meant to them all we hoped it would. As I pressed their dear, wet faces close, they looked across at each other, and with one breath sobbed ecstatically, "At last we can go to Liverpool!"

Liverpool! The word shot through me like a dum-dum bullet, making the wedge wider and wider as it went. These two were planning to rob precious days from the pitiful five allotted to London, in order to see magical, sun-drenched Liverpool. I had seen enough of it already, in a movie called *Ferry Across the Mersey*, which dealt with the rise to rock 'n' roll fame of a Liverpool youth, Gerry, and his musical pals, the Pacemakers.

Lacking the sophistication and brilliant invention of the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night*, it seesawed between a sort of Liverpudlian Andy Hardy and a fearless documentary, showing life in a rough seaport where the only paths open to youth are crime and/or music. Seared into my memory are bleak shots of impoverished moppets playing with tin cans in a junk heap near the railroad tracks, slum streets reaching narrowly toward the docks with their looming cranes and cables, and the cheerless, fogbound Mersey ferry jammed with lank-haired adolescents defiantly playing their electric guitars.

A damp, peeling tunnel turned out to be the Cavern, a "club" famous as the birthplace of the Beatles; and there, the crush of bodies lining both curving sides gave an impression of the catacombs, except that these bodies were moving. They writhed and gyrated to deafening sounds, their open mouths holes of noise, in attitudes of shrieking ecstasy and despair, found elsewhere only in the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch.

A perfectly fine city should not be condemned by what is shown of it in a rock 'n' roll movie, but somehow, after sitting through it twice with the children, I felt I understood why Liverpool, although sure to be

(Continued on page 124)

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Letter from Liverpool

(Continued from page 120)

of some interest to the extensive globe-trotter, has never been exactly a "must" on the average traveller's itinerary.

But I also realized that my children were not to be "average travellers." They were pilgrims. If you're hung up on Mozart, you want to go to Salzburg, and if you're hipped on Wagner, you want to make the scene at Bayreuth, and if you're a record-buyer between ten and sixteen in 1965, you want to walk barefoot to Liverpool. Reluctantly, we agreed to make the pilgrimage with them.

Our arrival in London very late on a Friday night left us four days before the Liverpool hegira, so naturally the first thing Saturday morning was a visit to a record store, where the children avidly bought up releases not yet audible in the States of their various idols . . . the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Herman's Hermits, and the elegant Liverpudlienne, Cilla Black.

Lest it appear that we might just as well have stayed home listening to WMCA, I report that we also visited the Tower. St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, beautiful Hampton Court, Hyde Park Corner, and restaurants ranging from the historic Prospect of Whitby, to the distinguished Connaught, and including our own Brown's Hotel, where everyone in the lobby at tea looked like Dame May Whitty.

But all these adventures, lovely as they were, were dimmed by three "dear diary" experiences—two of them the heady nights at the Ad Lib Club. Entrée to this glamour spot was gained for us by our friend, photographer Richard Avedon, who wired from New York to say we would be arriving with two children. This was a big help, because not everyone can get in, and I am never recognized by anyone unless I am standing right next to my highly recognizable partner, Adolph Green, who is *always* recognized, and then it kind of spills over on me. But he was 3000 miles away.

Brian Morris, proprietor of this most successful London club, after which the New York discothèque Arthur has been lovingly modelled, was most cordial. Able to see in the dark, like a jungle animal, Mr. Morris made the children welcome.

Small, coloured lights blink on and off in a low ceiling poised over low, dim candles on low tables set between low banquettes and still lower stools, around a square of dark, jam-packed dance space. The records and live sound shake the low rafters as well as the bodies of the fruggers, the music pounding relentlessly until it is inside your body, too, and you are part of one big rhythmic rite, joined soul-to-soul with every other living thing in the room, including the chef, who periodically comes scooching and bobbing out of his domain onto the dance floor, still holding a whisk or a spoon.

Through the seemingly impenetrable blackness, our children were able to pick out such shining stars of their devotion as some Rolling Stones, Dionne Warwick, and a Moody Blue or two . . . and, on our second visit, all of Herman's Hermits, a most gregarious group, and Cilla Black, seated right at their table.

Mr. Morris broke his rule about guarding the publicity-weary and -wary clientele from their worshippers, by introducing the children, which made them, on our return home, the most hated kids on the block.

The third Olympian occasion was meeting the Beatles. These four young men, who are truly as delightful, amusing, and nice as their most ecstatic press release says they are, should know that in the U.S.A. there is one mother who is eternally in their debt. It was they who dissuaded our children from going to Liverpool. I am sure the Beatles, to a man, love their hometown, but probably with some of that you-can't-go-home-again feeling.

We met them on the movie set in Twickenham, where they were shooting their second picture, *Help!*, again under Richard Lester's brilliant direction. The scene we witnessed involved Ringo falling through a trapdoor into a small compartment occupied by a tiger, while the

(Continued on page 136)

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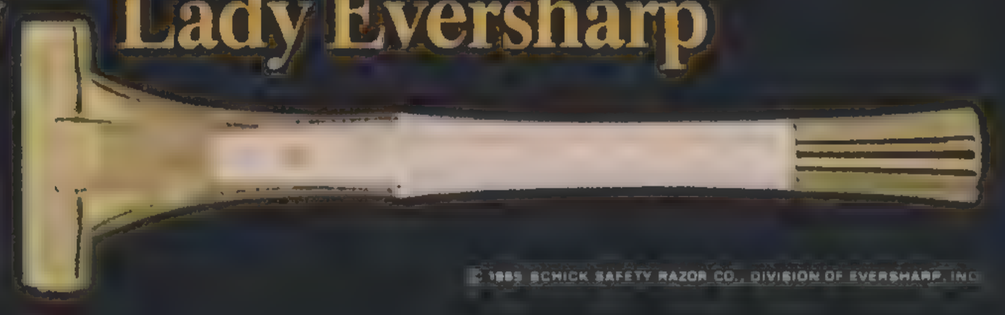
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Letter from Liverpool

(Continued from page 124)

others give him helpful escape suggestions from above. A climax is reached when, for plot reasons which I refuse to divulge, they all sing to him the "Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Walter Shenson, the producer, had driven us to the studio, and it was he who introduced us to Ringo and Paul, who were waiting for rehearsals to begin. Later, we met George, briefly, and John, too, but he was in the throes of being interviewed, and no deep bond of intimacy was established. But Ringo and Paul talked most freely to us and to the children.

After our son felt at ease, which he demonstrated by resuming breathing, he was able to ask Ringo shyly, "Could I take your picture?" Ringo replied: "Only if you've a camera." Our daughter, remembering the amenities, murmured congratulations on his marriage, and then was asked by Paul if they had been sightseeing. "Oh, yes!" they replied. "Did you see the Palace?" asked Paul, deadpan. "OH, *YES!*" they answered, lighting up as they felt they should. "Awful, isn't it?" said Paul. And they all laughed.

The conversation sailed lightly from Murray The K to Leonard Bernstein, to their first movie, to American crowds, to groups and boots and haircuts, and finally I asked them if they ever went back home, up to Liverpool. "Not if we can help it," was the good-natured reply.

They explained to the children that the music excitement was over up there, and everything and everyone was in London now, at which the kids exchanged one of their famous looks, and said, "Well, if *you* say that, then we don't want to go." It seemed to me that a shaft of light streamed across that set in Twickenham, and I could hear a hundred mixed voices belting out the "Ode to Joy."

But that was not the end of our relationship with the mysterious city on the Mersey. Just before leaving Brown's for the airport, we had a phone call. It was the secretary of the dear friend who had made the Liverpool arrangements for us. She said that Their Man in Manchester had heard of our children's keen interest in things Liverpudlian, and since they were not coming up, he had sent something down to them.

It turned out to be a piece of wood. The paint was partly rubbed off, and it bore an inscription stating that it was part of a plank from the floor of the stage of the Cavern in Liverpool, where the Beatles were born.

The planks had been sold piecemeal to the Faithful and, as this piece was signed by the Cavern's owner, Ray McFall, we knew it was indeed a piece of the True Floor. Reverently and lovingly, this was carried by hand, alternately his and hers, all the way to New York, where we all took a minute off to contemplate the fact that, although we never got to Liverpool, somehow a little bit of Liverpool came to us.

Recently, in conversation with that eminent British woman of letters, Rebecca West, I learned that she loves Liverpool. It seems it has a glorious old town hall, with ten rooms still furnished and decorated exactly as when built, "five years before the Battle of Waterloo," as she expressed it.

Historian-mathematician that I am, I realized that this meant 1810, but it sounded so much more in touch with the past when described that way. She added that there is a row of houses along the Mersey dating from "Jane Austen's time," meaning around 1800, but these houses took on colour when put in this historical perspective.

Miss West also said that she finds Liverpool a city of great vitality, and that one of the finest Parliamentarians alive comes from that district, as well as one of the most spectacularly brilliant woman lawyers of our time. That movie I saw failed to reveal any of those things.

The soil thereabouts may have something in it, Miss West said, that produces people of great energy and vigour. That could include the Beatles. Anyway, next time we travel to England, I don't know about the children, but I plan to take in Liverpool.

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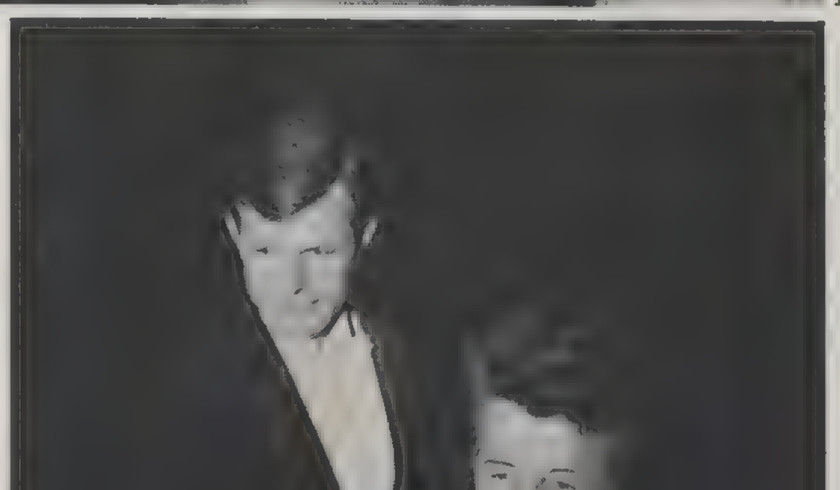
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The gold of the Golden Trumpet Ball for the Boston Symphony Orchestra

The party really began when the Honorary Chairman, Mrs. John F. Kennedy, in Patou's long pink coat over pale green, arrived at the usually dark-maroon-coloured Symphony Hall for Boston's prettiest party, the Eighty-fifth Anniversary Dinner and Golden Trumpet Ball. (For other photographs of Mrs. Kennedy at the Ball see pages 174-175.) This was the first time that the trustees of the Boston Symphony unbent enough to give a big gala benefit for the famous organization that is known only as *the* Symphony. Seven hundred came (no more were allowed) for dinner and to waltz in an Edwardian ballroom, lovely with lilies, fountains, palms, and gold paint wherever possible. For some of the dancing the Boston Pops Orchestra played, with Arthur Fiedler directing



1



2

NOTEBOOK

while the Symphony conductor, Erich Leinsdorf, waltzed. In its usual tradition, the Symphony, one of the greatest musical instruments in the country, gave complete value and took in what it wanted, about $160.000.

1. Mrs. John F. Kennedy dancing. 2. Senator Edward M. Kennedy; Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy. 3. Dancing to the Boston Pops. 4. Mrs. Benjamin C. Tilghman, junior, with ushers. 5. Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich; Mrs. George D. Aldrich; Dr. Eugene E. Record. 6. Mr. Frederic C. Church; Mrs. John L. Grandin, junior. 7. Mr. Alfred L. Donovan; Mrs. Frank E. Pierce, III. 8. Mrs. Winston F. C. Guest; Mr. Frederic Winthrop; Mrs. Daniel Simonds.



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VOGUE'S

A family-of-art dinner, in New York, for the painter Robert Motherwell

The feeling of a family celebration, serene, joyful, pervaded the dinner party at the Museum of Modern Art before the opening of the superb retrospective exhibition of Robert Motherwell's paintings and collages. For this exhibition the gallery ceilings had been painted blue at the artist's suggestion, intensifying the lift of space, light, exaltation. With his wife, the distinguished painter Helen Frankenthaler, and his two young daughters, Robert Motherwell greeted friends as if he were in his studio instead of a large museum. Later, at dinner in the airy penthouse, Alfred H. Barr, junior, Director of Museum Collections, described Robert Motherwell's first arrival in New York, "like some young Lochinvar come out of the



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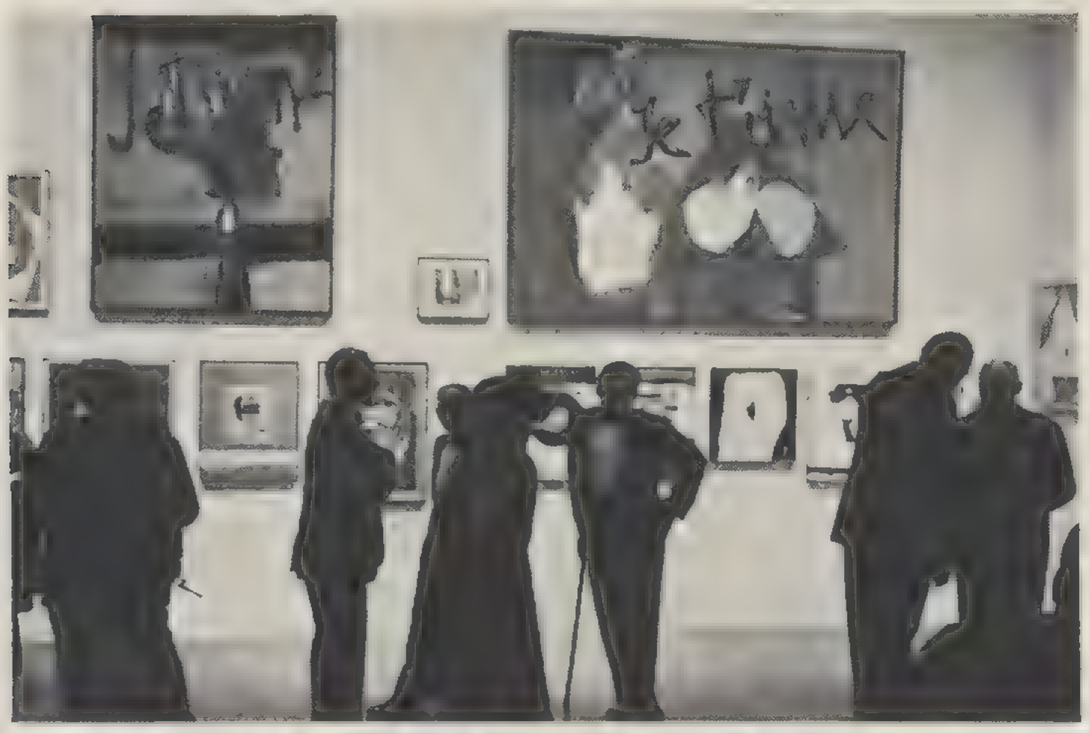
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NOTEBOOK

West." Still later, this radiant, family-of-art party gave way to the surge of the opening-night crowd, a kaleidoscopic jam proving out Robert Motherwell's definition of New York: "a Constantinople, a great bazaar."

1. Miss Lise Motherwell; Miss Jeannie Motherwell; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Motherwell. 2. Mr. Frank O'Hara. 3. Mrs. Bliss Parkinson; Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Gray; Mr. Kenneth Noland. 5. Mrs. Clement Greenberg; Miss Stephanie Gordon. 6. View of the gallery. 7. Governor Nelson Rockefeller; Mr. Motherwell. 8. Mr. Hans Hofmann; Mr. René d'Harnoncourt. 9. Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson Sweeney.



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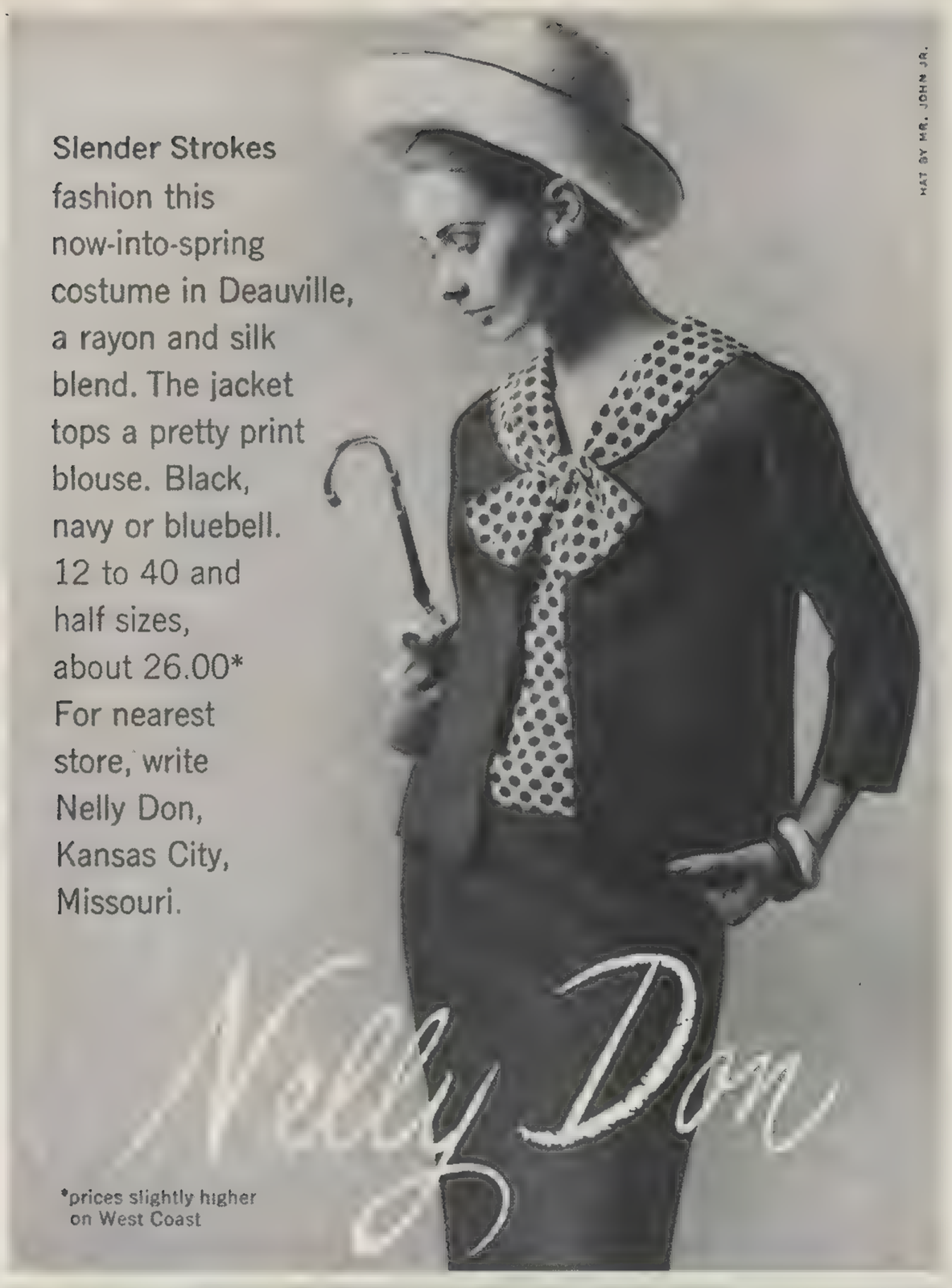


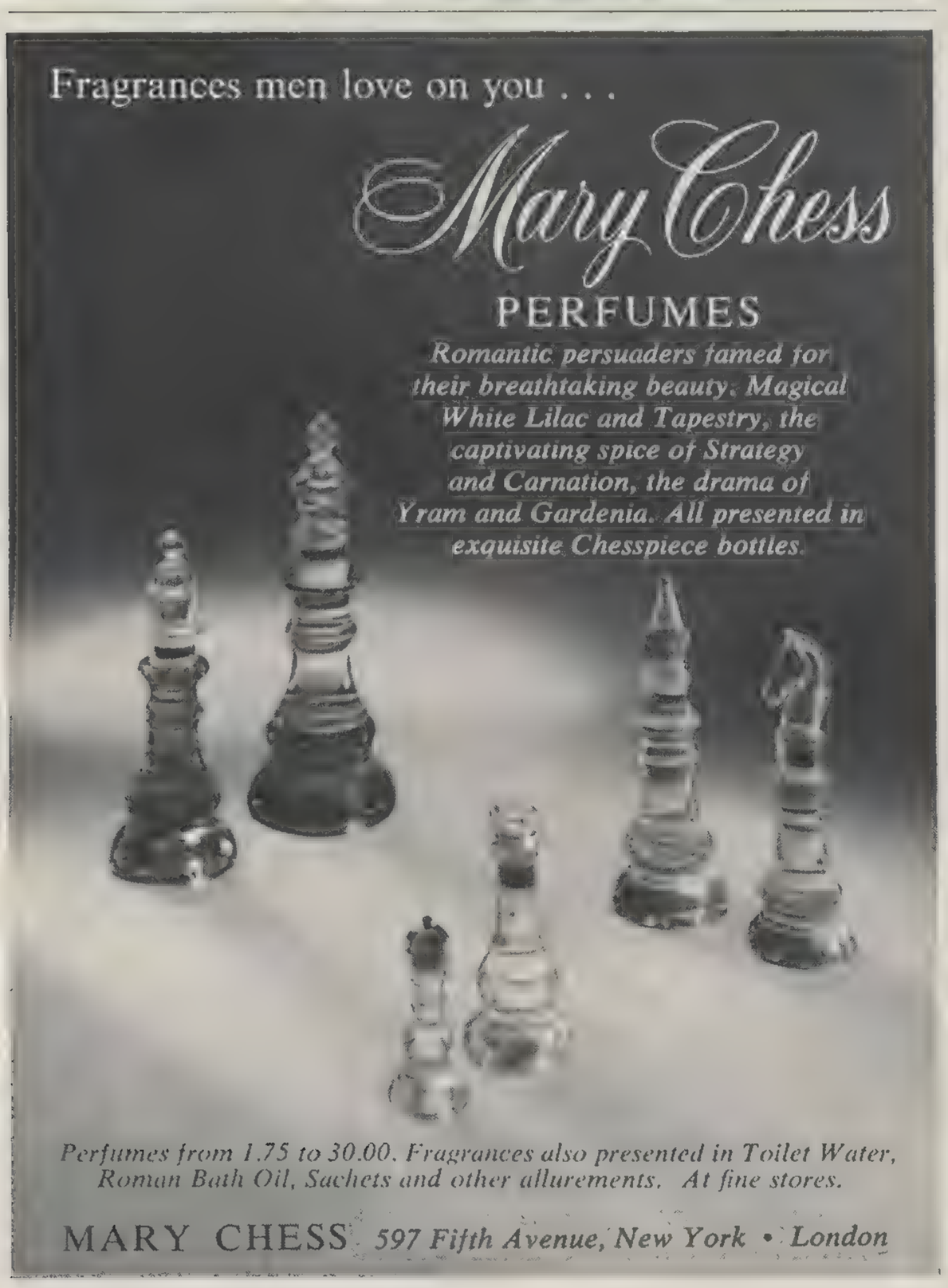
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VOGUE'S

The first after-movie party at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art

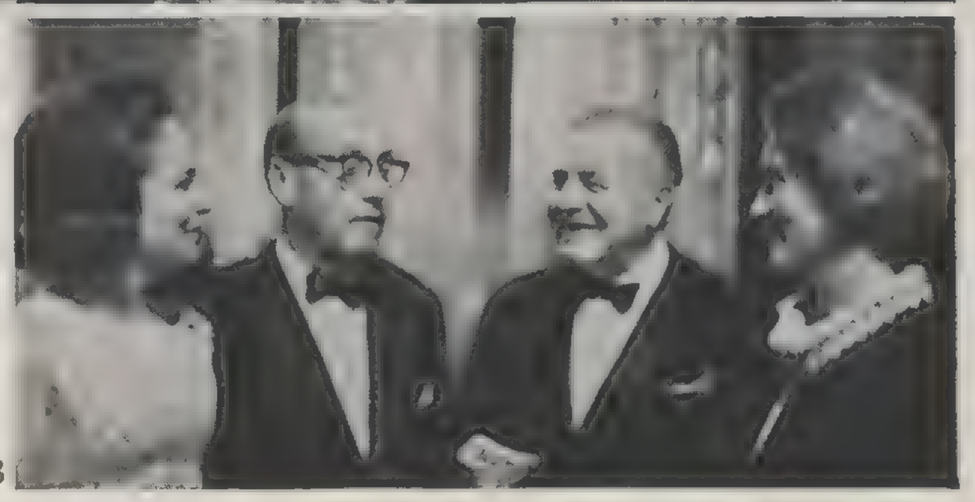
This gala at the Metropolitan Museum was one of a spate of museum benefit parties across the country that celebrated *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, a spectacular film centred on Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel ceiling. After the New York opening, thirty buses took most of the thirteen hundred guests from Broadway to the floodlit Museum. In the Great Hall walls hung in Oriental rugs and Flemish tapestries echoed to the music of Lester Lanin. With champagne flutes in hand, people wandered through the Medieval Hall with its Valladolid choir screen and up the vast staircase to the galleries of European paintings. There, especially for this party,



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NOTEBOOK

were Michelangelo's rare, black chalk on white "Studies for the Libyan Sibyl," prepared for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.
1. The first after-movie party in the Great Hall of the Metropolitan Museum. 2. Lord and Lady Gladwyn. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Houghton, junior, *left*, with Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree. 4. Mr. Charlton Heston, who played the rôle of Michelangelo, with Mrs. Heston. 5. Lady Jackson and Mrs. Albert D. Lasker. 6. Mrs. Agnew Bahnson, junior; Mr. James Huston, and Mrs. William G. Cahan. 7. Mr. and Mrs. James Biddle with, *right*, Mr. James J. Rorimer, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



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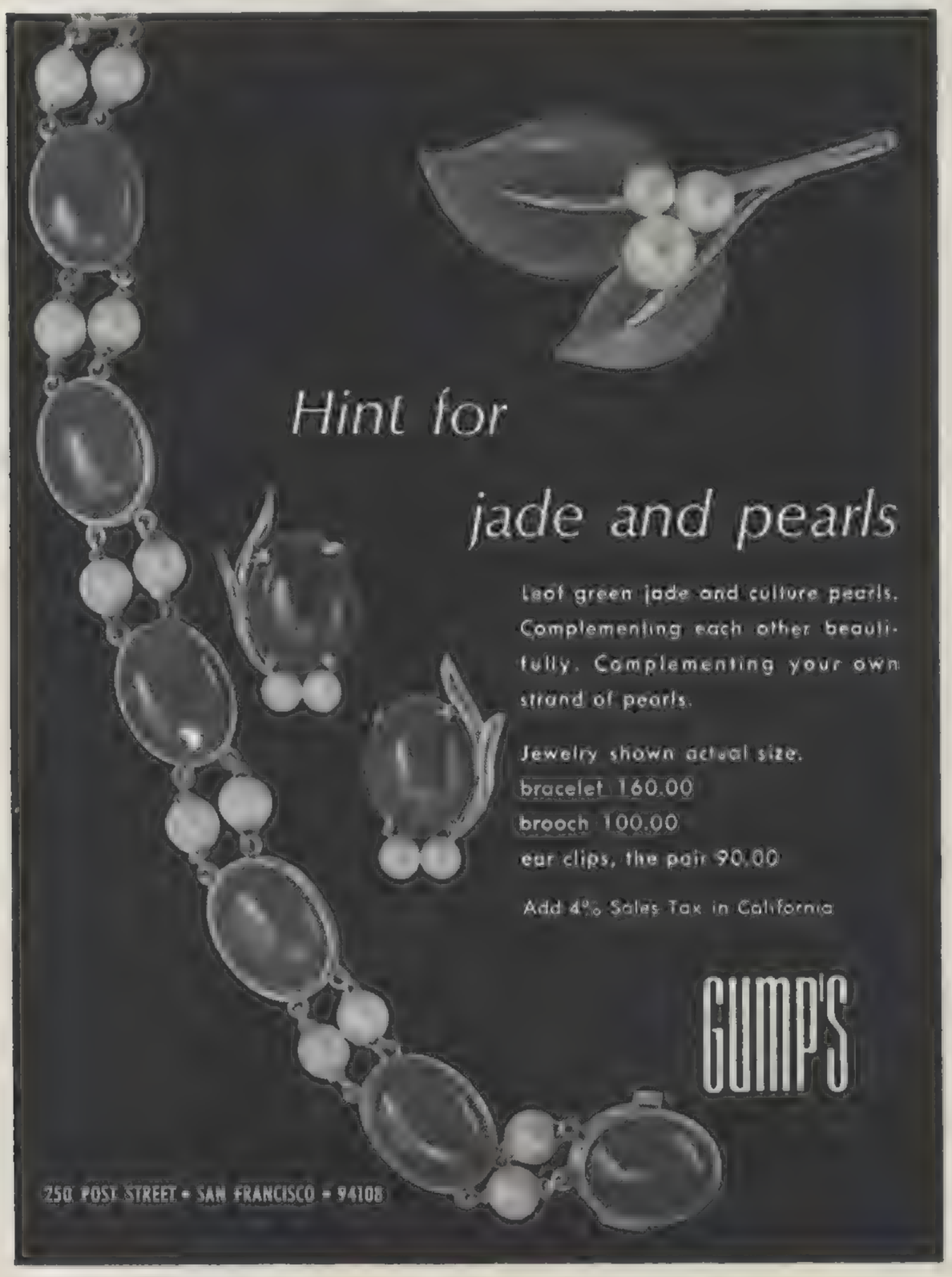
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VOGUE'S

A Rothschild birthday party in Paris

"It was a young, jumping party . . . a touch Edwardian with a soupçon of Versailles," said one guest of the ball at which Nelly de Rothschild, delicious in a Nile-green Heim dress, celebrated her eighteenth birthday and her début with eight hundred friends. For one night, her parents, Baron and Baronne Elie de Rothschild, lit their Paris town house in white candles, red-carpeted the cobbled courtyard, and had the garden tent lined with white-and-gold panelling used for the coronation of Edward VII. There the walls shook to the British beat of the Band of Angels and the New Orleans bang of Baby Huey and His Baby-Sitters. In the ballroom, a calmer cha-cha combo switched with a fiddle-and-zither waltz band. Seven superb buffets of intricate *pièces montées* were served by footmen



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NOTEBOOK

in yellow-and-blue livery. At seven in the morning dancers were still swinging when Baron Elie called off the Baby-Sitters.

1. Mlle. Nelly de Rothschild, with Baby Huey. 2. The dancing tent. 3. Baron and Baronne Jacques de Gunzburg. 4. H.R.H. Princess Michail of Greece and Baron de Cabrol. 5. Herr Karl-Hans Strauss; Baron de Cabrol; Madame la Comtesse de Paris; Baronne Elie de Rothschild. 6. *Centre:* Mlle. Anne-Marie Hubin and Prince Eduard-Egon Fürstenberg. 7. Baron Henri Gecmen-Waldeck and H.R.H. Principessa Maria Beatrice di Savoia. 8. Princess Alexandra Schönburg-Hartenstein; Mlle. Géraldine Eonnet; M. Gilles Dufour. 9. Mlle. Barbara Kamir.



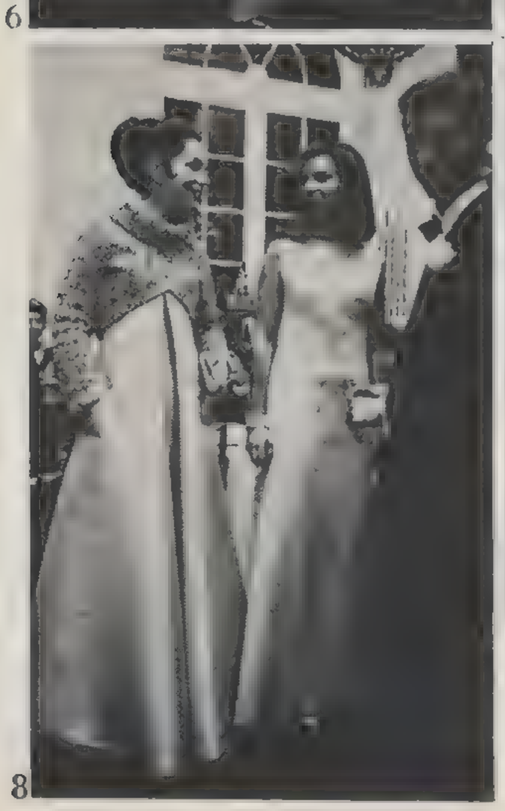
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OH! CHRISTMAS

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Robert W. Corrigan

Danton's Death,

"fearful potency"

The opening of *Danton's Death* at the new Vivian Beaumont Theater of Lincoln Center was important on two counts. It was the première performance in what is unquestionably the most magnificent theatre our country has ever had, and it marked the auspicious beginning of the Lincoln Center repertory company under its new leaders, Herbert Blau and Jules Irving. The theatre, designed by Eero Saarinen & Associates and Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, with its interior a collaboration of the first group and Jo Mielziner, is in itself worthy of a review. Everything about it, from the simple majesty of the Henry Moore sculpture in the immense patio pool to the elaborate fashion in which the stage is equipped, is overwhelming. The production is almost as impressive.

Danton's Death is probably the finest first play ever written. Georg Buechner, a young German radical, wrote it in 1835 when he was twenty-one, only two years before he died. The theme of *Danton's Death* is the fatalism of history as revealed by the French Revolution. As the play opens, Georges Danton, one of the original leaders of the Revolution, has come to see that it has gotten out of hand. His friends urge him to fight against those righteous avengers, Robespierre and Saint-Just who have transformed the struggle for freedom into a bloody tyranny under the guise of justice. Opposed to their murderous methods, Danton knows—and herein lies the play's dominant sense of fatalism—that "we didn't make the Revolution, the Revolution made us." There is nothing he can do. Once started, the Revolution must run its course, even if that includes the guillotine for Danton and the others who gave birth to it.

Danton's Death is not an easy play. To enjoy it fully, the audience must give it total intellectual and emotional attention. To be produced, successfully, it requires the talents of a well-trained and thoroughly shaped company. And even a director with Herbert Blau's great abilities can not bring it off with complete success. But this is to praise with a slight damn.

Blau's direction is marked by a sharp and controlled intelligence, and his staging is brilliant, especially in the crowd scenes, which weave in and out, providing a framework for the action. These are imbued with a scabrous animality and such a quality of fearful potency that one is never in doubt about where the real force of Revolution resides. The Beaumont's thrust stage is particularly well suited to achieve such effects. But there were times when I felt that the splendid theatre was the company's worst enemy. As sets rolled on and off, drops went up and down, and the stage revolved first one way and then the other, the audience became a little too conscious of the mechanics. In spite of this, Jo Mielziner's stage sets more than met the nearly insuperable challenges of the play's better than thirty scenes.

Finally, about the acting: *Danton's Death* makes almost impossible demands on actors, and of the present company only Robert Symonds, superb as the antagonist Robespierre, was able to meet them fully. It is regrettable that Alan Bergmann, who played Danton, couldn't reach the same level of performance, because his failure to do so resulted in a lessening of the play's central tensions.

For all of its shortcomings, this production of *Danton's Death* is momentous. Only a theatre with titanic ambitions would dare to open with such a play. The American theatre has long been in need of such titanism, and Blau and Irving have such ambitions.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Pauline Kael

The Nanny, "*maddening*"

The Nanny is a small, well-made English thriller, the sort of movie that works well on a double bill. Seth Holt's direction is excellent, and the acting, with one exception, is remarkably good. The characters are amusingly "modern"—which means that there is nobody we need worry about. The children are "cool," the father insufferable, the mother weak, the aunt self-centred. So far, so good.

The exception is Bette Davis, who, as the nanny, gives a dull, heavy, badly timed performance, completely out of the style of the rest of the cast. She is, to start with, overly made-up, and she treats her hair like a wig, patting it. Everything about her performance is hokey and obvious; this isn't one of her drag-queen extravaganzas, it's one of her serious, "restrained," "controlled" performances, and control is what she's not got much of. Antennae flailing wildly, she signals us that she's really holding back, that she's holding a lot in reserve (I'm suspicious about what it is).

Besides the central performance, the structural problem of *The Nanny* is that the script isn't up to the potentialities of the idea. The film is maddening because it's just good enough to be tantalizingly suggestive of what it *might* have been. At the opening there is real promise in the concept of the nanny as a mush-mouthed tyrant, with fraudulent sentiments substituting for feelings. But the moviemakers are just making a routine horror film and never develop the true horror that is based on something—such as the ghastliness of aspirations to be proper middle-class.

And so the movie suffers from the usual mechanical-thriller weaknesses: plot without ambiance, motivations designed to facilitate action, and explanations without enough resonance for the results attributed to them.

Repulsion, "*horrors fondled for the camera*"

So many recent movies have been sloppily put together that it's reassuring to see something ingeniously put together, but that's hardly enough reason to join the chorus calling the English production *Repulsion* a masterpiece or a tragedy.

"I wish I hadn't seen that," said my companion, as we emerged from the theatre. Two hours of watching a poor mad girl disintegrate. The punctuation of murderous slashings and clobberings. The observation almost but not quite clinical: horrors fondled for the camera—a straight razor is featured in the ads for *Repulsion*.

Were we supposed to have found it entertaining? There's more horror latent in this notion of the movie audience than in the film itself. And it's understandable that people discussing the movie prefer to duck this point and praise the film as a work of art.

Is it? All I see in *Repulsion*, beyond good performances, is directorial technique, and Roman Polanski's technique here is as empty as the sportsman's expertise which he satirized in *Knife in the Water*. Like that sportsman, he substitutes careful, calculated, clever arrangements for finesse and audacity. Polanski is not that good a craftsman, either (for examples, the scenes with the phantom lover, and the hands reaching out of the walls are poorly done); the whole conception is tightly executed. This movie seems more modern than it is because it's so prim in its chic refusal to raise questions or offer explanations. But although it may be irrelevant to the terms in which the story is told to ask "Why?," it is certainly relevant to our position in the audience to ask the simple, basic, "Why was this movie made?"



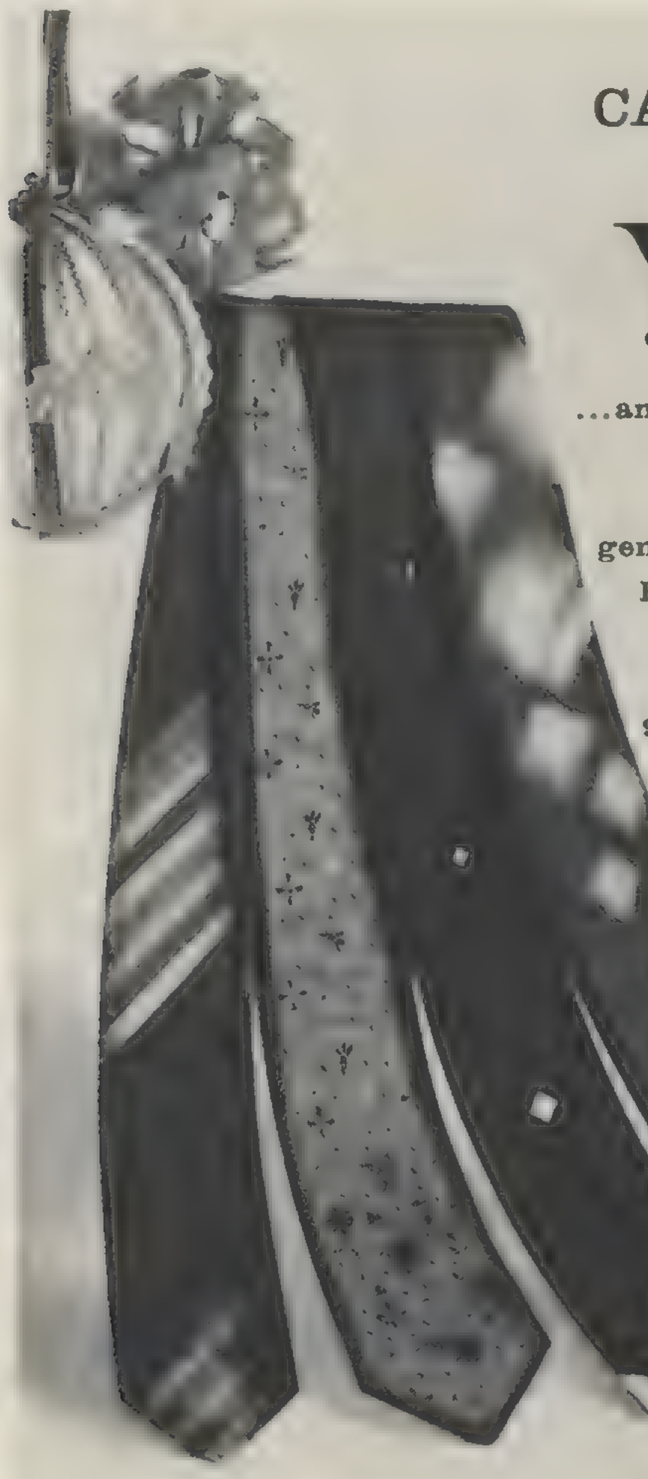
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Harold Rosenberg

Christmas Art Books,

"galleries between covers"

The character of an art book depends on the part played in it by reproductions. In the art book par excellence, these constitute a collection of substitute paintings and sculptures, an art gallery between covers. The reader turns the pages and admires the colours, the texture of exposed patches of canvas, the brushstrokes of the enlarged details, the forms highlighted in stone or metal. Texts are customarily printed in extraordinarily large type—possibly to emphasize, ironically, that they will not be read. A well-known name may appear as an attraction on the jacket but it is not indispensable nor is it necessary that the Name shall have very much to say. [Prices quoted are often listed as pre-Christmas; regular prices are higher.]

Great Family Collections (Macmillan, $19.95), edited by Douglas Cooper, overwhelms the eye by its size and the luxury of its plates. Mr. Cooper's introduction is only a few pages long; the labour of describing the dozen collections included in the volume is delegated to European curators and art historians. Perhaps feeling secure that in the midst of these visions of furniture, silver, tapestries and masterpieces, words will not be closely scrutinized, Mr. Cooper indulges himself in snobberies toward America (its "available artistic wealth—all imported") and the descent of works of art into public museums, in contrast to "the inspiration, the daring or the reason which caused certain individuals to command them to be made." Had Mr. Cooper read his own book, he might have hesitated to identify the founders of private collections with the persons who originally commissioned the works in them; the account of the Wrangel Collection, for example, states that Count Wrangel got his art treasury going on war booty, forced gifts, and purchases by agents. But when one is served such a lobster thermidor of a book, why complain about the table talk?

Each publishing season the life work of Picasso is put through the sieve and new assortments of paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, ceramics are packaged in carefully price-calculated combinations of colour and black-and-white reproductions. One year it is the Picassos owned by the artist himself, another it is Picasso on "War and Peace" or his takeoff on Velázquez's *Las Meninas*. The current entry is *Picasso's World of Children* (Doubleday, $22.50), by Helen Kay, a writer of children's books, endorsed in an introduction by Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, the famous art dealer. Miss Kay's profession gives her an advantage over most art-book authors: she writes in the expectation of being read. On the other hand, she has, apparently, failed to realize that she is now writing about art, not about children nor for them. "He caught her," she writes of Picasso's paintings of his daughter Paloma, "as she was, as everyone's child is every day. And he did not forget the delicious sweetness of childhood and its tyranny." Miss Kay has done some conscientious research, but this is primarily a book to be looked at, and while the colour plates are attractive, one regrets that some of the black-and-whites are unpleasantly fuzzy.

At the opposite pole from the art book as art object is the account of art and artists illustrated in much the same way as books on other subjects. Such a non-art art book is *Picasso and His Friends* (Appleton-Century, $3.95), by Fernande Olivier, an artist, who lived with the master from 1903 to 1912 and met Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Rousseau, Marie Laurencin, Juan Gris, and other stars of that great Bohemian period. Consisting of pleasant little anecdotes and personality sketches, Mlle. Olivier's memoir includes half

a dozen informal line drawings and a few old photos. Originally published in 1933, its reissuance was no doubt inspired by the welcome accorded the reminiscences of that later mistress-artist, Françoise Gilot.

Also meant to be read, although on a far different intellectual plane, is Paul S. Wingert's *Primitive Art: Its Traditions and Styles* (Meridian paperback, $3.45), which supplies some four hundred pages of text and references, plus illustrations serviceable only for information. Although it offers few pleasures for the eye, this is a first-rate book on a subject important not only for itself but for the light it casts on twentieth-century painting and sculpture. Among highly relevant themes are Professor Wingert's analysis of the various meanings in art of the term "primitive" and his description of the strict professionalism of aboriginal artists and the magical and status-conferring functions of their products.

A not-unrelated study is *The History of Surrealism* (Macmillan, $6.95) by Maurice Nadeau, originally published in French in 1944 and containing a later comment by the author on the destiny of Surrealism. Contemporary art, from Action to Pop, is veined with Surrealist practices and slogans; and although Nadeau's *History* is often academic in tone, as is, too, Roger Shattuck's introduction "reappraising" Surrealism (Shattuck can locate Shock in literary history without the slightest rise in the pulse), it is invaluable for an understanding of the culture of the past half century. Best of all, it reproduces key Surrealist manifestos, poems, documents and provides lists of related people and publications.

Between the "coffee table" picture book and the visually neutral art text is the serious study of a period or artist presented by means of both language and images, with the intention that reading and looking shall be carried on together. In Klaus Berger's *Odilon Redon* (McGraw-Hill, $19.95), the plates are sufficiently faithful to the original works to convey what this remarkable colourist meant in declaring that "pencil, charcoal, pastel, oil paint . . . are active participants . . . it is through the medium that the oracle speaks." Wingert's primitives also have a sense of working with charmed substances, and to appreciate the similarities and differences between their imagination and Redon's one must have the experience of Redon's pictures. In this handsome volume, the reproductions collaborate with Berger's lucid exposition in setting Redon in a precise relation to the thinking and creative experiments of our time.

If Surrealism and Redon's magical self-animating media have ties with primitive art, they reach back also into the Renaissance, specifically, if one follows Arnold Hauser's *Mannerism* (Knopf, two volumes, $25) to the sixteenth-century "modernism" of late Michelangelo, Tintoretto, El Greco, Bruegel. Hauser's earlier books, *The Social History of Art* and *The Philosophy of Art History*, received rough treatment at the hands of specialists. One prominent weakness is his habit of blissfully projecting contemporary issues and qualities of feeling into the spirit of other centuries—in *Mannerism*, he attributes to artists of the cinquecento a history-consciousness no different from that met today in New York. Writing on "alienation as the key to Mannerism," he makes his case not with Renaissance writings but with quotations from Kierkegaard, Marx, Valéry, Proust. That such paintings as Tintoretto's *Removal of the Body of St. Mark* have affinities with Chirico, Dali, Balthus can not be taken as evidence of a surviving "undercurrent" of Mannerism, any more than Picasso's borrowings from African sculpture can be taken to indicate an undercurrent of voodoo in Cubism. Twentieth-century artists are on (Continued on page 150)



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Christmas Art Books,
"galleries between covers"

(Continued from page 149)

the lookout everywhere for effects which they can adapt to their own purposes. In reading Hauser one is constantly tempted to enter into arguments about his assumptions. But although *Mannerism* must be approached with caution, it is a lively and intellectually provocative work, and it is interesting to analyze in the author's terms the reproductions that constitute Volume II.

The first three volumes so far published in Skira's fourteen-volume series, *Art, Ideas, History*, cover the period from 1600 to 1850. (The entire series will extend from the twelfth century B.C. to the end of World War II.) Like Hauser's *Mannerism*, these are essays in cultural synthesis that focus on painting, sculpture, and architecture as reflections of social, political, and technological change. Large, well-made volumes (World, $20 each), they follow a rewarding pattern. Among chapters of general discussion of the intellectual and stylistic features of the period are interspersed pages of concrete comment on the pictures in the books. Of the three studies, Jean Starobinski's *The Invention of Liberty*, 1700-1789, makes the most of this approach, although Starobinski is a philosopher, not an art critic. *The Europe of the Capitals*, 1600-1700, by Giulio Carlo Argan, the Italian art historian, has a glitter of speculative excitement but resorts too frequently to abstract antitheses—universal versus particular, authority versus sensibility—to characterize paintings and painters. Argan, for instance, writes of "the opposition between Rembrandt and Vermeer," although no artist, of course, is in "opposition" to another artist in the way one idea contradicts another.

Argan's shellfire of theory is at times so dense it becomes impenetrable: "If history," he writes, "is a development of time, in terms of the past, the present and the future, the only background for history must be nature. But since history is universal, nature can not be presented as a glimpse of some particular place," et cetera, et cetera. Argan's contribution is, however, more geared to painting than is *The Romantic West*, 1789-1850, by Eugénie de Keyser, whose transitions from fact to symbol are open to challenge, as when she argues that the prestige of financial credit in the new middle-class society of the nineteenth century stimulated a preference in art for solid appearances over real substance. Despite criticism of detail, however, these volumes, with their variety of emphases, promise well for the series as a whole, and all three are worth acquiring.

Reproductions are communications about works of art; even the finest colour print is not in any degree an equivalent of the absent canvas. The loss, however, is at a minimum in drawings, facsimiles of which can, in all respects but price, be identical with the originals. To commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Michelangelo, one hundred and three figure and architectural drawings by the master, in pencil, pen and ink, red and white chalk, and black crayon, have been assembled by a committee in Italy from museums throughout the world and reproduced, on especially made paper, in exactly the same dimensions and colours as the originals, down to the stains and museum stamps, in an enormous book (17½" x 12½", weighing about thirteen pounds). *Drawings of Michelangelo* (Braziller, $65) is equipped with scholarly notes for each of the plates and opens with an enlightening examination by the well-known specialist Charles de Tolnay of how Michelangelo's conception that drawing originates in the mind was modified by the Mannerists into a principle of artificiality. These magnificent pages, beautifully bound together, are about as close as the printing press can bring one to a genuine art collection.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

TRAVEL

By George Bradshaw

The Inland Sea of Japan,

"a dose of splendour"

There come times, every so often, when what you need is a dose of splendour. One more conversation about the laundry becomes an absolute impossibility: you need to raise your eyes to the Rocky Mountains or the coast of Greece, you need to arrive in Venice or stand in the Place Vendôme. In other words, renew your sense of wonder.

One excellent way to do this is to ride through the Inland Sea of Japan; it amounts to a triple dose. The Japanese themselves (those inveterate viewers of the happy site) are well aware of this fact; they have innumerable steamers and hydrofoils darting from place to place; but if you take my advice, you will arrange to make the trip on one of the American President liners. These are, of course, enormous and luxurious ships, and they give you not merely a piece of the Sea, but its entire length, and in comfort.

I came up from Hong Kong on the S.S. "President Cleveland" and, on the pertinent day, spent from dawn to dusk looking, looking, looking. It was for me a new and surprising wonder.

Scenery, I had come to believe, was scenery. The coast of Spain and the coast of California, from the proper distance, aren't all that different; at a quick glance you can't tell the Canadian Rockies from the Alps. I supposed that Hokusai and Hiroshige, in their quite unlikely landscape prints, were simply making the whole thing up. After all, land is land, sea is sea.

Well, this is not true. Nowhere else do mountains pour down into the sea quite like these, or trees stand with such style, or promontories jut out with such assurance; even the water, the familiar water, looked different. These are sights to clear your bleary eyes. I didn't miss a minute of it—and, for good measure, a couple of days later sailing from Kobe to Yokohama, we had Fuji in plain view for eight hours. For all these wonders I didn't have to lift a finger. It was included in the price of the ticket.

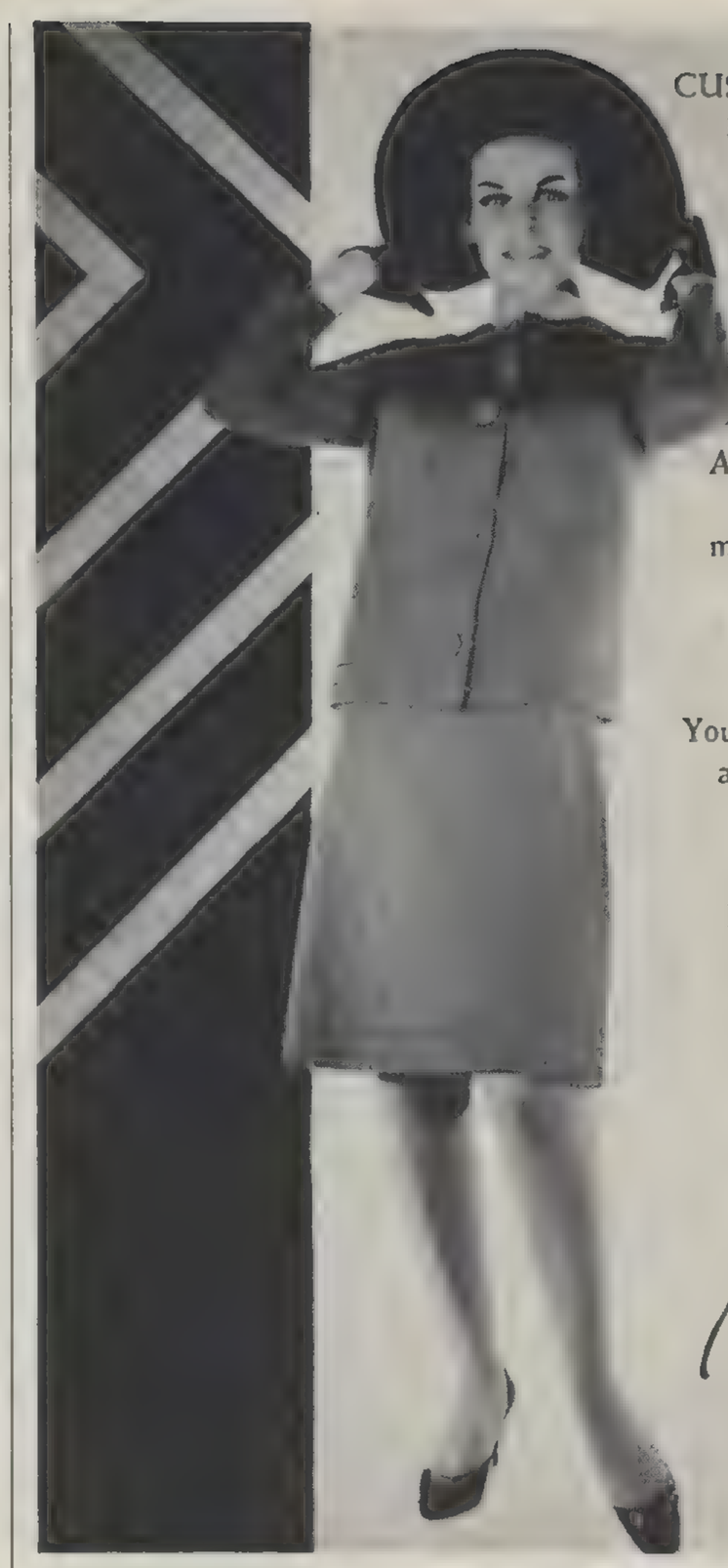
Frankly, I had not expected such value. I had thought beforehand that these President liners, the "Cleveland" from Hong Kong and, some weeks later, the "Roosevelt" from Japan to San Francisco, would simply be convenient ways to get home. Not at all. They are experiences in themselves.

I had recently been on a number of ships—eight to be exact—but on none had I been more coddled, more entertained, allowed more freely to indulge a sense of irresponsibility. (Ah, that irresponsibility—it's the reason we love the sea, isn't it? No guilts.)

If what you want is simply to walk the decks and enjoy the blue days, you have plenty of time for that in the vast stretches of the Pacific; indeed more than you'd think—I have a memory of two Mondays. Or if the time comes when you wish to join the scene, you will find a bewildering variety of scenes—for the crews of these ships not only run them, they redecorate them, daily. One night you will dine in a Japanese temple, the next in a South Sea village, and presently on a Chinese junk. Among their other goods and services, each of these ships carries a Cain's warehouse. The food is good, abundant, and best of all, familiar. You can't imagine how pleasant it is, after weeks of coping with raw octopus and boiled ferns, to lay eyes on roast turkey and cranberry sauce. I gained back five pounds.

San Francisco was a fine town, but I must say I regretted arriving. It meant decisions, decisions, starting all over again.

I must warn you that while these President liners sail out East twice a month, they make the Inland Sea trip only four or five times a year. Something to do with time and schedules. But the next two leave in May, just when you'll be needing refreshment.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Finds and surprises in the Middle East



ON THE MARBLE TERRACE OF THE JORDAN INTERCONTINENTAL AT AMMAN.

If the children of Maaloula, a ravishing beige and blue Syrian village outside Damascus, move and act like Vogue models, it's no surprise. They learned to by watching Sveeva and Editha, who posed there for the photographs on pages 180 to 201. A Vogue cast of seven flew from Paris to these scenes in Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan: Susan Train, fashion editor; Madame Lesley Blanch Gary, author-historian; Henry Clarke, photographer; Christophe Carita, hairdresser; assistant photographer Nelson Hargreaves, and the models, Editha Düssler and Sveeva who is Mrs. Roland Bouvier in private life. Here, some of their impressions.

VOGUE TEAM LUNCHING AT THE JORDAN INTERCONTINENTAL, AMMAN.



Beirut, Lebanon. "Pan American flew us from Paris to Beirut," wrote Susan Train. "Crosswinds, of all things, delayed our flight to Damascus. Invited by the shipping agents who handle Vogue's masses of luggage in and out of countries, and by Pan Am people, 'we stuffed like toads,' as Henry Clarke said, on the *mezze* meal, a series of delicious small dishes like an Arabian smörgåsbord. Lesley Blanch carolled with delight, as one after the other of her favourite dishes appeared. . . ."

After a day at the Phoenicia Intercontinental Hotel, Sveeva said that she felt she had been exploring a city: it's the biggest and best hotel in Beirut, with a lovely oval pool, a bazaar, an Alexandre of Paris salon, bookstores, saunas, balconied rooms over the Mediterranean, and bars and restaurants from penthouse to cellar.

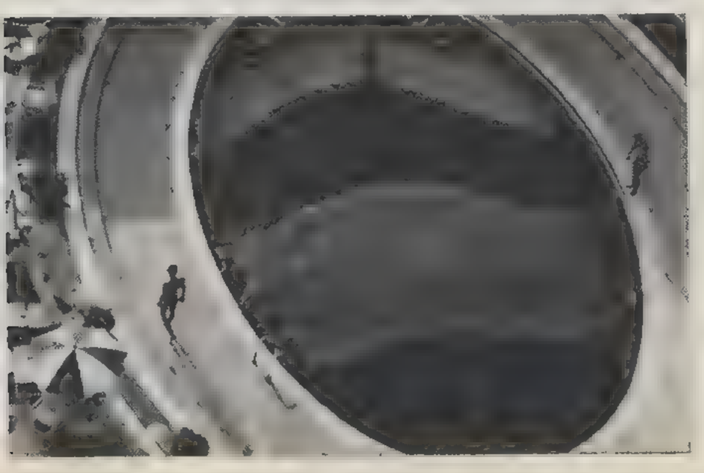
Unexpected in Beirut is the Jordan Information Center, owned and run by John Fistere, an American. A friendly mine of information, he helped Vogue plan this Middle Eastern exploration with knowledge and special understanding.

Damascus, Syria. The best thing about the New Omayad Hotel in Damascus is the extraordinary service of Antoine and Mahmoud, its two concierges, who are like two smiling, efficient nannies. "One night, our driver took us for a superb Arab dinner to Hayek's Bar, a simple restaurant divided into two rooms —in one, no liquor with meals, in the other, wine and beer. . . ."

The souks of Damascus are famous for brocades thick with gold and silver, and for those stiff golden ones worn in villages east of Palmyra towards Baghdad. "In the Old Gold Souk," Henry Clarke wrote home, "we found an incredibly good place run by George Obid, who speaks English, French, and German. Besides Damascan brass and inlaid fretwood things, he has a marvellous collection of wonderfully bright and gay primitive paintings, some on glass, others on cloth. They illustrate, for the most part, lively Syrian fables with tigers, camels, swooning ladies, warriors." Obid not only makes jewellery but the most enchanting caftans in striped silks or cottons for children. There is fascination in browsing in old houses and palaces turned into antique shops.

BELOW: COLONNADE AND MOSAIC POOL AT THE PHOENICIA, BEIRUT, LEBANON.









ABOVE: TWO VIEWS OF THE JERUSALEM INTERCONTINENTAL, JORDAN.

Palmyra, Syria. "Driving from Damascus to Palmyra is *the* way to go," Susan Train wrote, "a five-hour drive on asphalt and then across the desert. By plane we would have missed the camels, the Bedawin camps, the fascination of being in the Middle East.

"Palmyra's hotel, Zenobia, is primitive to the extreme. Eventually, the seven of us sorted ourselves into five rooms with two bathrooms, instead of the offered three rooms without bath or any other kind of modern convenience. . . . Perhaps, it is just as well that the hotel is crude, otherwise one would never want to leave this silent, deeply beautiful, ancient city in the sands.

"At night, we drove to a Bedawin camp in the desert to arrange for camel-hire for the next day's sitting. One three-year-old boy with blond curly hair, dancing brown eyes, and a grey, tattered nightshirt was rivetted by my nail polish. He never let go of my hand, stroked each nail, and finally, clutching my hand with both of his, kissed it fervently. The camels, 'dear, useful beasts,' as Lesley Blanch

(Continued on page 158)



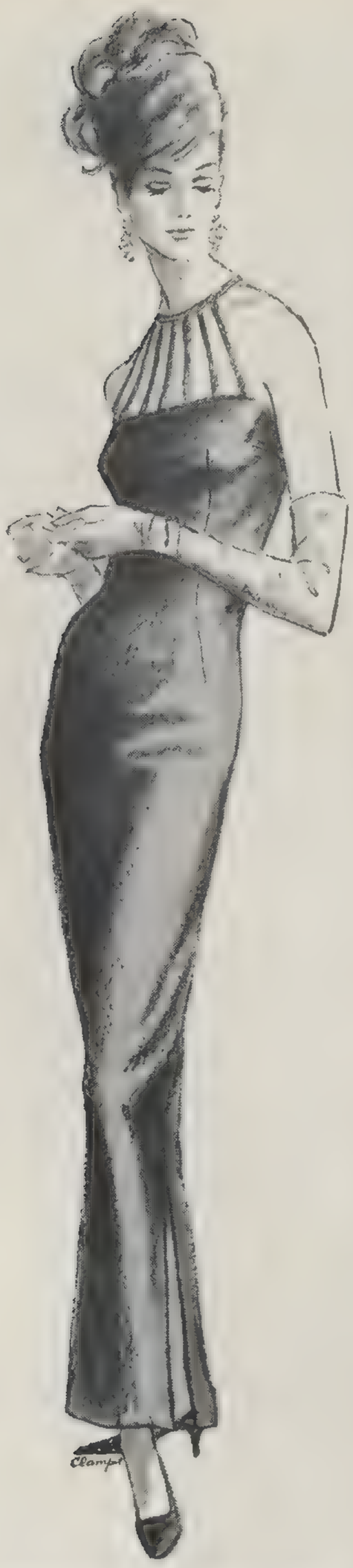
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It isn't the game that's impossible, it's the people

By T. S. Matthews

Mighty pretty piece of grass. Must have taken some rolling. What are those little sticks out there? And why are those fellows standing around in long flannel trousers and blowing on their hands?

They're playing cricket.

I gathered that. How does it work?

It's a little complicated. You see, this is a kind of religious rite—sort of an English version of a bullfight.

A bullfight? Where's the bull?

The bull's invisible; that's what makes it so complicated.

I thought it was supposed to be a game.

Did you ever hear of a game that lasted three days? *Five* days?

They must be crazy. When do they eat and sleep?

Oh, they don't start until 11:30 in the morning, and they knock off for lunch, and then tea, and everybody goes home at 6:30.

Mean to say we're here until *6:30?*

Calm down, we'll go have a drink in a minute. And it's only two hours until lunch.

Then you might as well give me a rough idea of what's going on.

Well. You see those batsmen?

Where? Yes, I think I see one. His legs seem to be padded, and he's leaning on—call *that* a bat?

It's a cricket bat. Now look down the pitch at the other wicket. . . .

Don't give me all those technical terms.

You've got to pick up some. I can't explain cricket in Basic English. Look, you see that man walking towards us?

What's he walking away from the game for?

He's *not* walking away. He's the bowler. Now watch him.

Why is he rubbing his crotch with the ball?

He's not—now, just keep your eye on him. See?

That's the funniest damn thing I ever saw . . . he runs about fifty yards, whirls his arms and legs, and then he throws the ball.

He doesn't throw; that's illegal. He bowls. He's a fast bowler. You saw what happened?

Nothing happened. He pitched the ball and the batter just blocked it. And they all stood there.

Yes. A defensive stroke. Basis of all batting.

Now why are they all meandering around?

It's the end of the over.

What?

After six balls, it's an over. Then the field changes sides and the other end takes the bowling.

So they do move sometimes. What's that old man doing, the one in the white coat?

Oh, the umpire. He's giving the bowler back his sweater.

What was it, a hostage or something?

Skip it. Look, there's a run.

You mean that foul tip? How could they run on that?

It wasn't a foul tip. They can bat the ball in any direction. That's why the fielders are spread around that way.

The batter meant to snick it?

Sure he meant to. Ah, that's better.

What happened?

A boundary. See that white line around the edge of the field? If the ball goes over that line, it's four runs. If it goes over in the air, it's a six.

I never saw it. I can't *see* the damn ball.

You've got to watch closely. It's hard to see sometimes.

What colour is it?

Red.

Should be white.

Shhhhhhh!

What are they giving that slow clap for?

That's not a slow clap, that's applause.

What for?

You've got me there. I think it was for a maiden over.

Oh, God.

Perhaps I'd better explain the scoreboard.

It doesn't even say who's playing.

Everybody knows who's playing. The M.C.C. and New Zealand.

What's M.C.C.?

Never mind. The home team. And you've heard of New Zealand?

Sure, it's part of Australia. What are they doing here?

They're on a tour. Why shouldn't they be? What are *you* doing here?

By God, that's true. It's like fate, isn't it?

Now look at the scoreboard. You see that number under TOTAL? That's what New Zealand has scored so far.

Nineteen. Hey, that's a lot of runs. They must be way ahead, then?

They've got to do much better than that. And nobody's ahead yet. The situation has to develop.

How do you mean?

It would take too long to tell you. Better just watch the game.

I thought you said it wasn't a—why did they jump in the air and shout? And why's that batter coming off?

That was an appeal. They shouted "HOWZAT?" The batsman was l.b.w.—leg before wicket. The ball hit his pad and the umpire decided it would have hit the wicket, if his leg hadn't been there, so he's out.

I'll be goddamned.

I think we'd better have a drink.

Here?

You want to leave, already?

Well. It's pretty damn cold, don't you think?

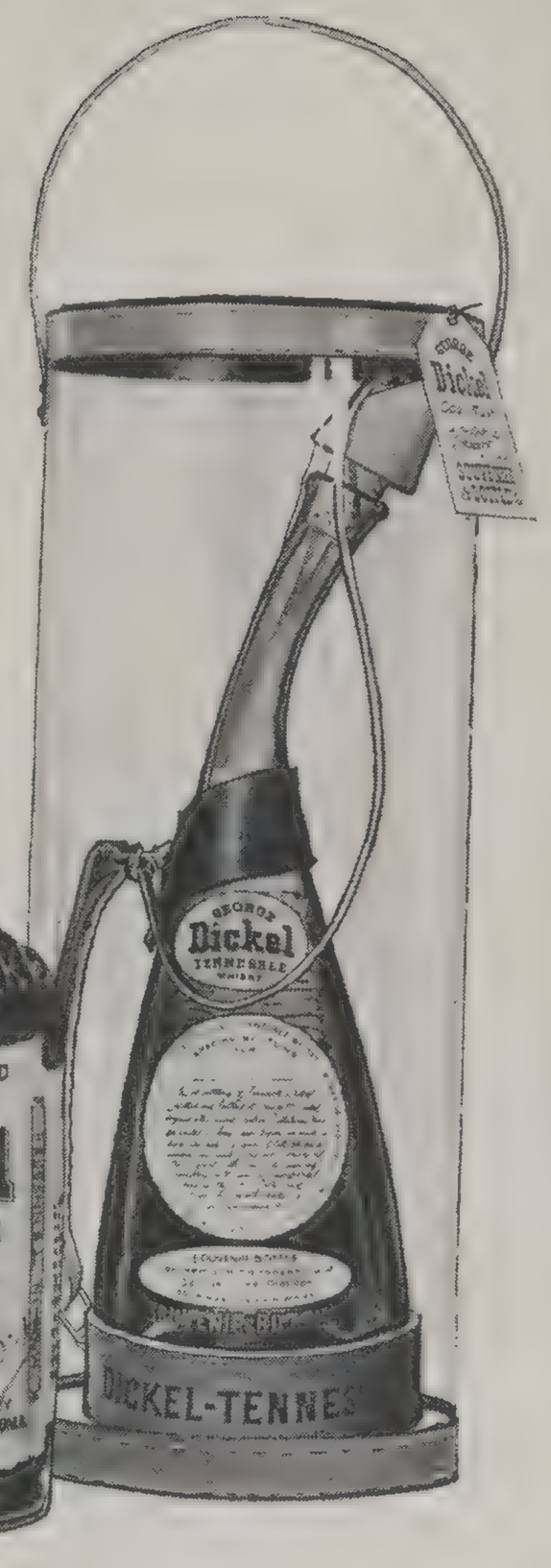
Yes. Drafty. O.K., let's go.

Don't you really think the ball should be white?

Shhhhhhhh!

Let's go find a nice warm bar, with a pencil and paper, and you can explain the whole thing.

A Quiet Toast to the Season With George Dickel from Tennessee



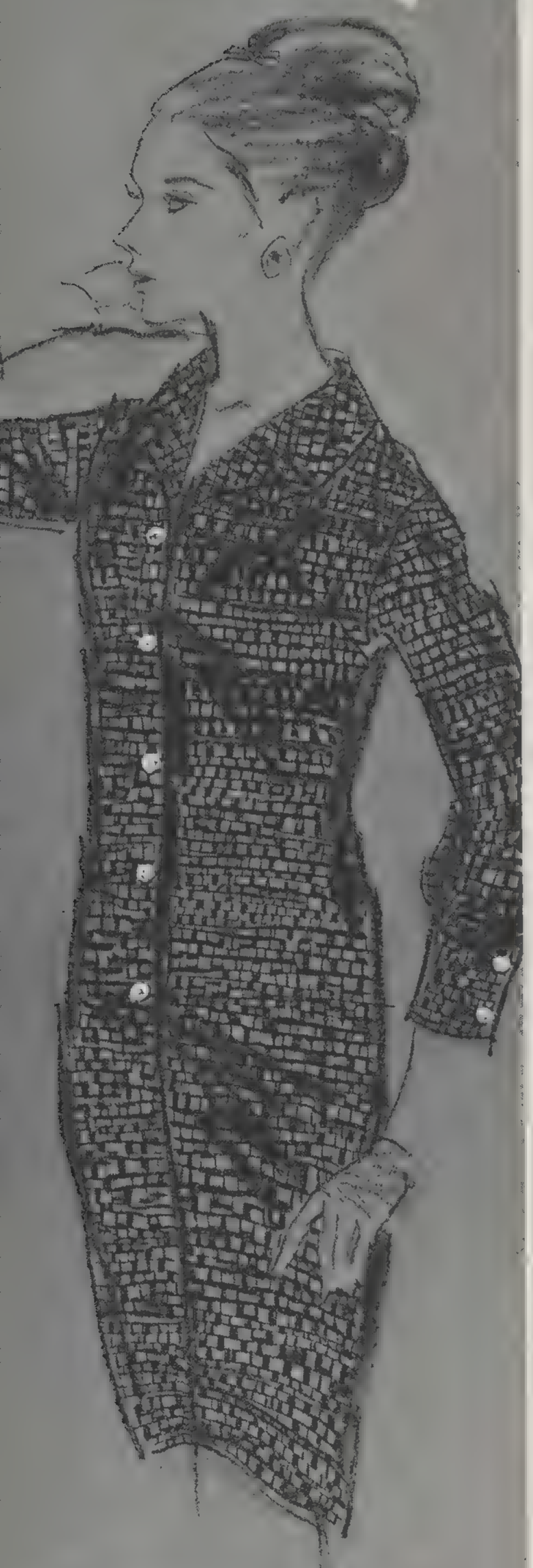
Your toast to the season can be as smooth as hot butter. If you toast it with George Dickel Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky. George Dickel is made on purpose to be drinkin'-light -- any season. A whisky that's full-bodied enough to start with -- light enough to stay with. A whisky for gentlefolk, Mr. Dickel said.

Still is.

(We put up our whisky in two kinds of bottles. Both have special holiday wrappings.)

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Justin McCarty



This is the Shift with a colorful pebble print that paves the way to fashion. Silky soft acetate surah in black and tan, or green and blue, or red and pink. Wear it with its own self belt, or gently straight. It's a Justin McCarty flatterer either way. Sizes 8 to 18. $28.

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

December

The dress that shapes the beauty outlook

There is a certain dress; call it the champ. It runs twelve months of the year, goes anywhere in the world, shows no signs of exhaustion. It's the small dress which turns out, on examination, to be a vignette of athletes' uniforms; the similarities ring bells. Lithe, springy, usually jersey or double-knitted cotton or wool, this vital dress has the true sports quality: athletic cleanliness. Nothing extra, just compliance with the body. To Courrèges, of course, goes The Most Valuable Player award for its development (and properly enough, since Courrèges is an athlete himself, a nut on soccer). With its sleeves stripped for action, neckline neat as a crew's, colours that can be seen without field glasses, this dress has begun an era of haut athleticism. Momentum: immeasurable. But measurable to any eye is the beauty playback, a playback visible in sparer bodies, neater knees, more natural heads, more genuine health. And, quite logically, in the active playing of more sports, and in metabolisms thus raised to new efficiency. . . . When the body temperature is at the peak of its high-normal, heads think better, looks look better. All's alert. . . .

Short walk on the healthy side

One of the most constructive walks you could take in New York today is: down the chest and abdomen of the celebrated strong man, Joe Pilates. ("Go ahead, walk right on my chest, see if it hurts me.") A non-believer in backaches, headaches, or beauty aches of any kind—especially the sort induced by un-racy legs and jiggly arms—Pilates is a hero to the handsome and the beautiful whose bodies he has remade. Often said to be older than Eighth Avenue itself (on which street he's kept gym for years), Pilates is in monumentally good shape. So good that he's now in Youth Phase Two. Phase One, which continues uninterrupted, consists of applying his Contrology exercise system to people, to paper (he's done a book or two), and to designing (of the contraptions by which Contrology is advanced). . . . Phase Two is simply a matter of onward and upward; of lending his system to the sixth floor of Henri Bendel. There, for the first time in the history of what has to be called the department store, a dashing little gymnasium has been built for women, locker room and all. It's thoroughly Pilates—Pilates-trained teachers, Pilates-built equipment—and don't be fooled by the gleaming white patent-leather upholstery: the disciplines are just as rugged as those on Eighth Avenue. . . . The no-kidding exercise program is a part of an innovation at Bendel's. Everything that might remake a woman's looks has been put under one roof: exercise, hair salon (about which, more in a minute), makeup, facial treatment, body massage, and on into the night. . . . Then, when you've got your strength, you can always run your fingers over the goodies collected in the fashion shops downstairs. . . .

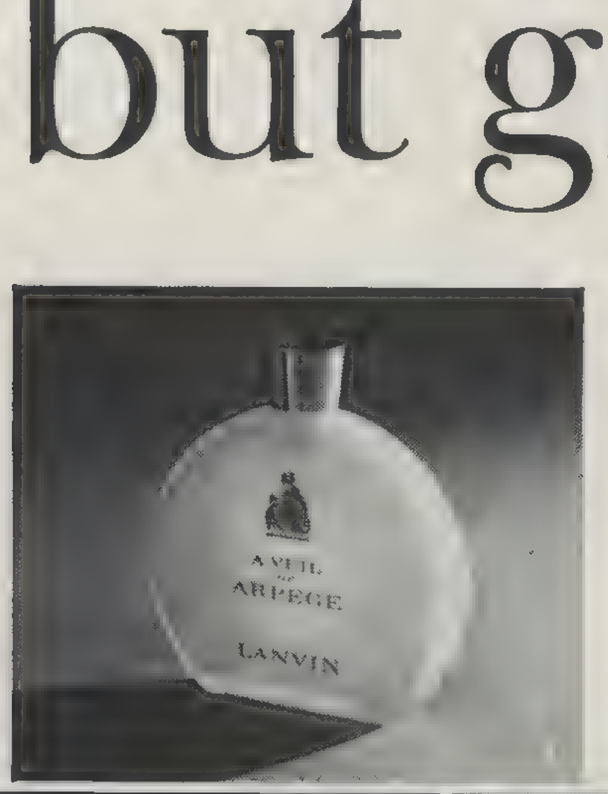
The next great cut?

What goes with the dress that's athletic at core, and a body trained to comply with the needs of such a dress? Certainly not a head of hair that's been teased up, glued taut, dressed to look like a stiffened puffball. But also probably not a too-briskly boyish haircut. . . . Somewhere between these extremes lies the perfect modern haircut, and it's been the fascinating business of David Crespin, boss haircutter at Bendel's new beauty floor, to try to put his finger on it. This is what he's done. Cut drastically. Cut every blade of hair in whatever way gives the head a short, soft, flingable naturalness. You couldn't call the nape shingled (David doesn't seem to like stiff ends). You couldn't call the front en bang (it's more pushable little ruffle). . . . And how many times it may be necessary for David to cut to get the look he wants is something we haven't gone into. . . . We suspect David's cut won't work for everyone—for one thing, a woman's own femininity index has bearing. But for anyone on the lookout for new hair, a look into David's work at Henri Bendel could be a quite socko experience.

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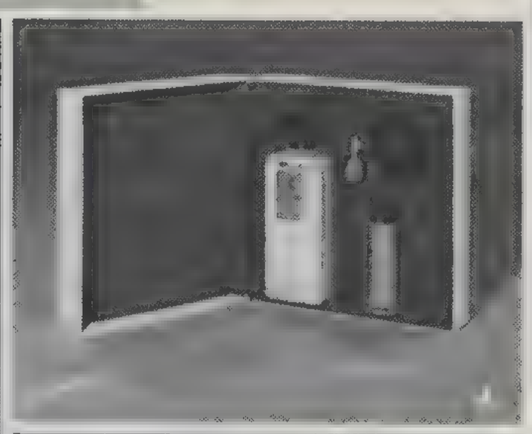
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3







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Middle East

(Continued from page 153)

called them, preened themselves and blew kisses. After being the centre of attention, one white camel thinks she's a cover girl."

Aleppo, Syria. In Aleppo, the Baron Hotel is a charming, well-run, turn-of-the-century place, where Lawrence of Arabia often stayed. The owner, Mr. Mazloumian—known as Coco—remembers seeing, when he was a child, that distinguished visitor. At dinner, delicious food is served under a vine-covered terrace.

Amman, Jordan. "We stayed quite a long time at the Jordan Intercontinental," reported Henry Clarke. "It is the best hotel in Amman as well as an excellent base for fanning out for sittings to Petra, Jerash, and Jerusalem." Built by a German company some three years ago and managed now by the Intercontinental chain, the hotel is run along American lines.

"Standing on a hill—Amman, like Rome, has seven—the hotel is cool, quiet, thoroughly air-conditioned. All rooms open onto fret-enclosed balconies; a first-rate swimming pool is set in gardens. Mr. Economides, the power behind the front desk, helped us with travel arrangements; Mr. Leo Riordan, the American manager, and his number-two man, Mr. Patrick Board, an Englishman trained at Claridge's in London, were both enormously helpful. They saw to it, for instance, that we were served breakfast at such impossible hours as four in the morning. When our exposed film was delayed at customs, they both stayed up two nights in a row tracking it down."

Petra, Jordan. "Although the Jordanian Tourist Office gave us special permission to drive into Petra by car because of the masses of luggage and camera equipment, we chose to approach this great ancient city on horseback, as travellers have done for centuries," wrote Susan Train.

"After a three-hour drive from Amman on an excellent paved road, we reached Wadi Musa, a village outside Petra. Here, the Government built an attractive Rest House in the rocks with room for sixteen guests.

"We rode for about forty-five minutes through es Siq, the curling, rocky mountain pass, the only road to Petra. It was disconcerting not to hold reins, and to be led by the owner of the horse walking along on foot through silent canyons.

"In Petra, they call the simple accommodations Mazzal's Camp, which it is. We were lucky enough to have rooms—each with a washbasin and running water—instead of cots in tents, or in caves. Food, sent up every day from Amman, was adequate. Everyone was so charming, none of us could quibble."

Wadi Rum, Jordan. "At the turnoff to Wadi Rum, eleven of us, including two chauffeurs, and all our gear crammed into a Land Rover with a Bedawin scout," wrote Susan Train. "We drove across the desert without a trace of a trail to a Desert Patrol fort where parts of *Lawrence of Arabia* were filmed. Within half an hour after we arrived, Editha received an offer of marriage from one of the Bedawin. Sveeva, already married, wasn't quite as interesting."

Aqaba, Jordan. A smooth five-and-a-half-hour drive south from Amman, Aqaba is a palmy port city on the Red Sea. The Aqaba Hotel, small, air-conditioned, with rooms as well as bungalows in gardens, stands on the beach. Excellent swimming in the Red Sea all year, plus water-skiing and skin diving.

Jerusalem, Jordan. Spread across a beige hilltop, the comfortable Jerusalem Intercontinental Hotel, also beige, has a spectacular view over Jordan Jerusalem with, in the distance, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the narrow street, known as the Way of the Cross, and the Garden of Gethsemane.

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Roast Leg of Lamb

(see opposite page)

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. . . fragrant Colorado Carnations

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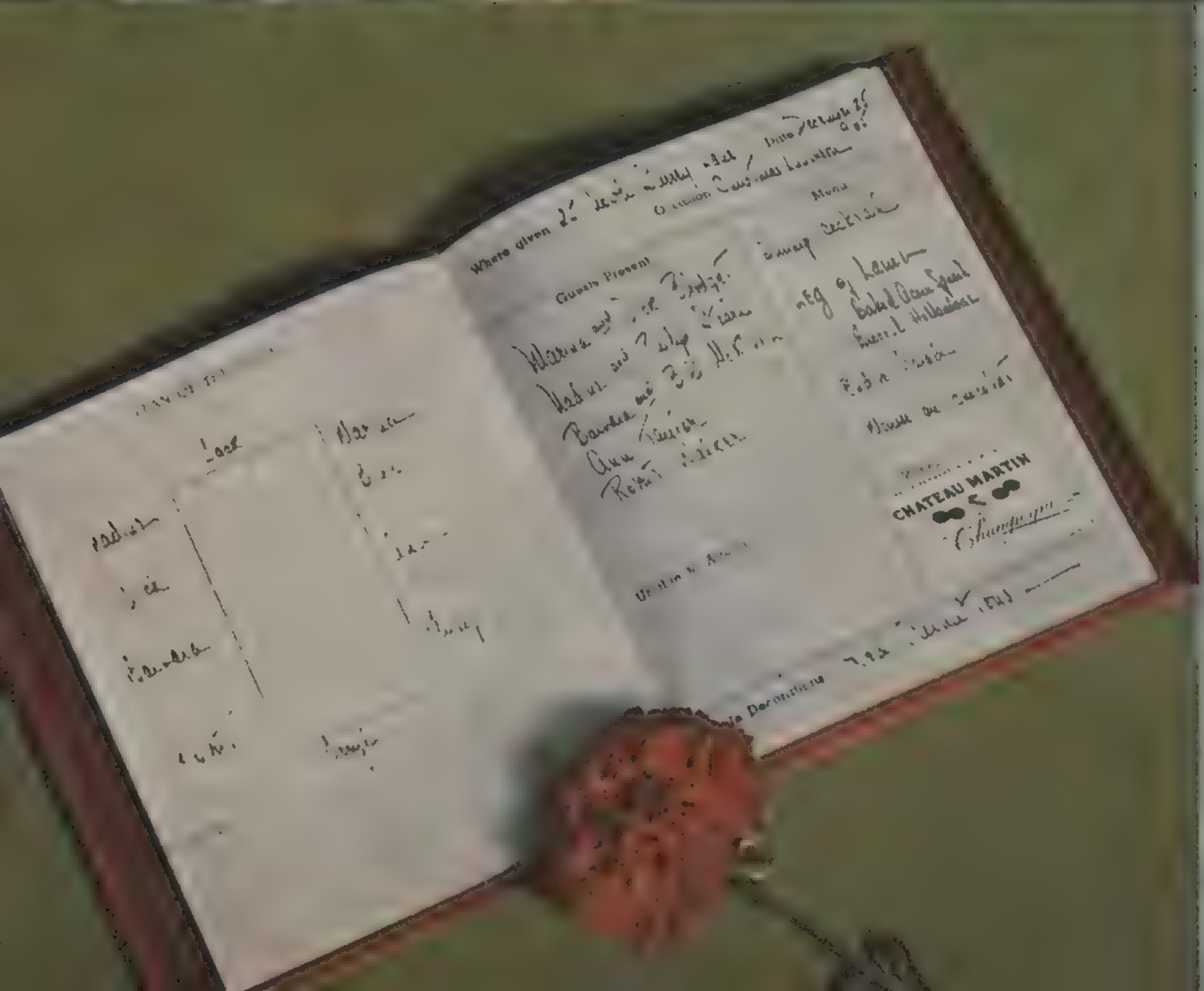
A season of toasts to celebrate with the festive gaiety of Chateau Martin Champagne . . . all bubbles and flavor and delectable sparkle... it's the famous New York State Champagne aged in the few remaining 100-year-old oak casks. Other Chateau Martin wines and Vermouths just as epicurean.

A season of gourmet foods to celebrate with a perfect Leg of Lamb . . . tender, succulent, beautiful to see. Lamb's inimitable flavor adds zest to the feast, makes it an inspired choice when entertaining guests at a restaurant or dining out in a holiday mood.

THE BEAUTIFUL MEAL











Practice! Practice!

By Leonard Lyons

In his waning years as a big-league manager Frankie Frisch entered Toots Shor's restaurant one night, after a frustrating defeat at the Polo Grounds. He moved, a bit wearily, to the table where I was sitting with Oscar Levant. "Hello, Frankie," I heard the pianist greet the man destined for baseball's Hall of Fame, "what's wrong with your team?"

"The same thing that's wrong with your piano playing, Oscar," Frisch replied. "Not enough practice. . . ."

The question of what constitutes sufficient practice was resolved for Levant in his formative years, he told me, because of the alternative: If he left the piano and stepped outside into the streets of Pittsburgh, where he was born, he would have to face, fight, and inevitably be beaten by the neighbourhood toughs.

"So," said Levant, "I practiced."

One day a nephew of his, discussing their musical heritage, asked: "Isn't it true, Uncle Oscar, that talent runs in our family?"

"Yes, and it will run right out again," said Levant, "unless you practice."

Levant, however, winced when he heard the late Eddy Duchin urge my wife and me to use *force,* if necessary, to make our sons practice their piano lessons. Duchin said: "My mother even used a whip to make me practice." Levant, whose mother never had to prod him to practice, dissented: "But why *force* them, if they don't want it?"

History—*medical* history, that is—records that both Duchin and Levant eventually discussed their respective mothers with their respective psychoanalysts.

Levant, incidentally, once dined at our house with Ferenc Molnár, the late Hungarian playwright, the godfather of my youngest son. Naturally, before dinner, the boy demonstrated his piano lesson for us. Molnár immediately dramatized this incident, while applauding the youngster's reluctant playing—especially the elementary mistakes. "The neighbours," Molnár said, "they see Oscar Levant enter this apartment. They wait and listen and are rewarded—for soon they hear this piano playing.

"And the neighbours listen and nod and say, 'Levant no doubt is playing one of those new twelve-tone pieces by Schönberg. Brilliant pianist, that Levant. . . .'"

In my house the matter of forced piano practice for our four sons presented only minor problems which, for a few years, I solved by Power and Simple Economics: I could lick them and controlled their purse strings.

Then my sons grew tall and strong, and started working summers for their own spending money. As soon as the two younger ones outgrew me, they protested vehemently about the daily piano practice. Why practice? they asked. Because, I told them, it is a sin to waste talent—and their talent was evidenced by the fact that for seven successive years the judges at the Juilliard School of Music had promoted them after due examinations.

The friends on whose experiences I drew for solution were of divided opinion. Leonard Bernstein's counsel was: "Don't force them to practice if they don't want to. We often hear people say, "Oh, if only my mother had forced me to practice.' They're kidding themselves. If a child is really interested, he'll practice."

Van Cliburn, however, disagreed with the Bernstein Line. "*Make* him practice. You *must,*" said Cliburn. "I'm glad my parents forced me to. Otherwise, where would I be now?" Later he said to me that he'd enjoyed piano practice until he was twelve and went to junior high school: "That was when

(Continued on page 164)

Going to Honolulu? Ride a pet porpoise at the Kahala Hilton



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OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

New York Internationals bag their pelts at fur boutiques



JACK ROBINSON

Lucinda Marchessini (left) was lucky. She managed to snap up the winter's prize—the knock-about, wear-every-day, Japanese black mink coat. $995. Georges Kaplan Fur Boutique, 730 5th Ave. . . . Mary Quant (centre) designed some furs in London for sale in New York. Here is where she tried one on. Cheetah, tied to the side, belted on the bone, short enough to make the right division between hem and boot. $300. Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Ave. . . . Princess Luciana Pignatelli (right) flew in from Italy, longed for the little fur "to wear to the lunch in the amusing little restaurant." She promptly did, showing up at "The Sign of the Dove" in her ponyskin stencilled like giraffe, edged with black mink. $900. Mr. A. Furs, 11 W. 57th St. . . .

How many "tipped kids" does it take to make a knee-length shift? Twenty-five, it seems, of these soft, silky, pliable-as-velvet skins go into a sleeveless, bateau-necked skimp. $225. Leather leash, gilt-chain Chanel belt around hips, $65. La Boutique Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Ave. . . .

Ermine is for every day, to wear everywhere. Especially if it's cut like a narrow snifty reefer. with a correct little ascot. Made of 130 Canadian skins. $3,850. Henry Greenhut Fur Boutique, 781 Madison Ave. . . .

"The chic Armed Forces look—it's sort of sexy somehow," said a very O.K. girl. For it, they're now trekking to the East Side's version of an Army-Navy surplus store called Fancy That. The C.P.O. shirt in navy wool is $10; the pea jacket, $20; the yellow poncho slicker, hooded, snapped close under arms to hem, $5. Fancy That, 1006 Lexington Ave. . . .

Security is letting your diamonds rest while you wear their doubles. Sorella stones, man-made sisters to the diamond—their similarity of brilliance, look, lustre is remarkable—can be cut any size, shape, karat, to duplicate your real ones. A good idea for travel. $40 per karat up to 6, $35 per karat after that. Orders take 4 to 6 weeks to be filled. Only through Mr. Richmond, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

Feel as melting as honey, smell as fresh as a lime. Bathe, splash, soak, in Caswell-Massey's luxuriant, skin-penetrating, oil-drenched bath stuff with the just clear, green smell of lime. 3-ounce bottle $4. Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Ave. . . .

The real live China-doll look —a hip-deep rope of necklace made of glazed porcelain beads centred with a porcelain plaque—the colours—a mélange of amethyst, emeralds. Designed in Japan by couturier Hanae Mori. $40. Imported by Splendiferous, 1312 Third Avenue. . . .

Ah so! Mondrian goes East and comes back on oiled and lacquered paper umbrellas. Painted in blocks of geometric colours. From John Reynolds. $8. Henri Bendel's Street of Shops, 10 West 57th St. . . .

Fort Knox "knock-off." A dazzling pullover of crocheted golden threads, dusted all over with gleaming paillettes. To wear over a body stocking and perhaps, with your own "sterling-silver" lamé knickers. Pullover by Marti Huber. $30. Seventh Heaven Boutique, Saks Fifth Avenue, 5th Avenue and 49th Street. . . .

Suggested by a clever customer who yearned to look pretty while peering in the mirror, Porthault's terry-cloth flower-printed bath sheets now come equipped with Velcro strategically placed here, and there. Wrapped around under the arms, clasped snugly together, the towel stays, no matter what. $20. Porthault, 55 East 57th Street. . . .

Paris: who wears the pants in the famille?

Maybe the ladies. Like artist Niki de Saint-Phalle trotting down Boulevard St. Germain toting one of her "Nana" sculptures, wearing her 24-hours-a-day uniform: tailored jacket, shirt, waistcoat, and skin-tight trousers. Made by her couturière in grey flannel, pinstripe, Glen plaid woollen for day; black satin for evening—"it's easier this way." Her bootees: black patent, turn-of-the-century heels, built-in bisque puttees with liquorice buttons, are just as constant. These made to order for her by Carvil. Niki de Saint-Phalle, her tailleurs, and her "Nanas" come to New York's Alexandre Iolas Gallery next March. . . .

HATAMI





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CHEVY CHASE, MD.

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Practice! Practice!

(Continued from page 160)

I discovered Outside Interests, too. . . ."

The pianist's mother nudged me and said: "I tried to keep him from learning about those Outside Interests as long as I could."

Cliburn quoted Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor, who told him: "Practice? It's Tedious, Tedious, Tedious, that's what Practice is. Besides, as long as the orchestra starts together and ends together, the public really doesn't care what happens in between." Another conductor, Fritz Reiner, once told Cliburn: "Van, do you know why I am *not* the greatest pianist in the world? I'll tell you why—I just couldn't stand having to practice, practice, practice."

I was confronted by an interesting contrast between Pablo Casals and Van Cliburn, in the matter of practicing and concerts. Casals told me at his house in Puerto Rico: "I like to practice, but I do *not* enjoy playing in public."

"I *don't* like practicing, but I *do* enjoy playing concerts," said Cliburn. Then he added, "*if* I know what I'm doing. And for a musician to know what he's doing, he *has* to practice. It's all just one big vicious circle. . . ."

My wife's attitude on compulsory piano practice for one of our sons was: "Oh, well, let's face it—a Rubinstein he's not, and a Liberace we don't want." She approved the joyous way another of our sons played the piano: "He'll never be a Horowitz —but he'll never be lonely. . . ."

A few days later I had a rare opportunity to get a definitive opinion on piano practice from the two most illustrious pianists in the world—Artur Rubinstein and Vladimir Horowitz. At a party in Rubinstein's house I saw Horowitz and put the question to him.

"Of course you *must* make him practice, if he has talent," said Horowitz. "He may not like it, but if he has the talent, he will grow up to it."

But our host, Rubinstein, expressed a different attitude: "Practice? *Who* likes to practice: Practice, at best, is unmusical. I really enjoy *playing*, but not practicing. The only time I practice the piano is when I'm either in a movie theatre or on a plane ride. I practice the *fingering* by using my thighs as a keyboard."

When my youngest son was five, I took him to the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus at Madison Square Garden. That season the star of the circus was "Mister Misten, Jr." He, too, was five years old.

Introducing him in the darkened Garden by a roll of drums and a blare of trumpets, the announcer said: "Now, the Greatest Act in The World—The Most Sensational Performer of All—Mister Misten, Jr." A spotlight revealed a boy wearing a white satin shirt and short black velvet pants. He walked around the arena confidently, then climbed the platform where a xylophone had been set up.

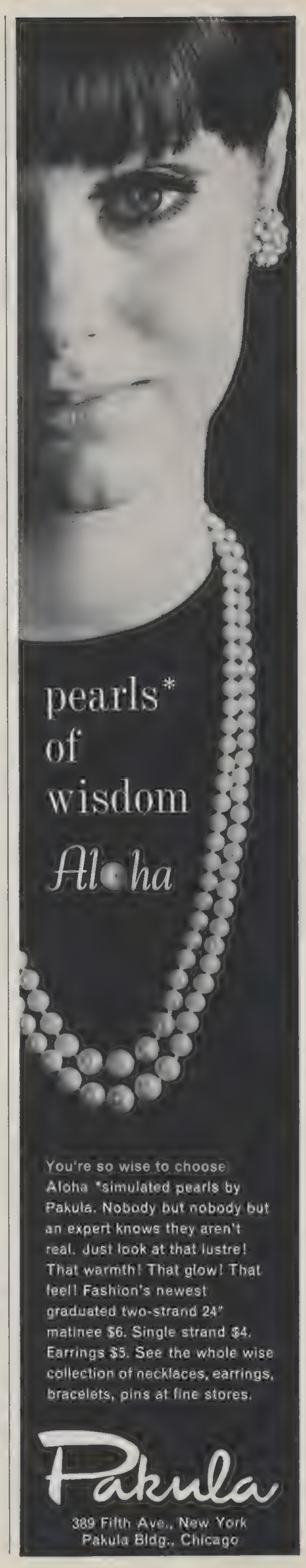
Mister Misten, Jr., waited for the dramatic pause and flamboyantly played the "Poet and Peasant Overture," flawlessly. The audience applauded, politely. Five-year-old Mister Misten, Jr., then stood up. Everyone in Madison Square Garden could see a circus hand tying a blindfold around the child's eyes.

The blindfolded five-year-old circus star played the "Poet and Peasant Overture" again, flawlessly. And again the audience's reaction was polite. John Ringling North, President and Chairman of the Board of the circus, later said to me that he had erred in billing Mister Misten, Jr., as The Most Sensational Performer of All. "If I'd underplayed it," said Mr. North, "maybe that kid would've become a star."

As a father, however, I tried to utilize this dazzling object lesson by telling my youngest child: "See? Mister Misten, Jr., paid attention to his practice."

My five-year-old, perhaps bewildered by the prospect of the competition he'd be facing, asked: "How old is he?" I answered that Mister Misten, Jr., was five.

"Pop," said my youngest, "he *must* be six. . . ."



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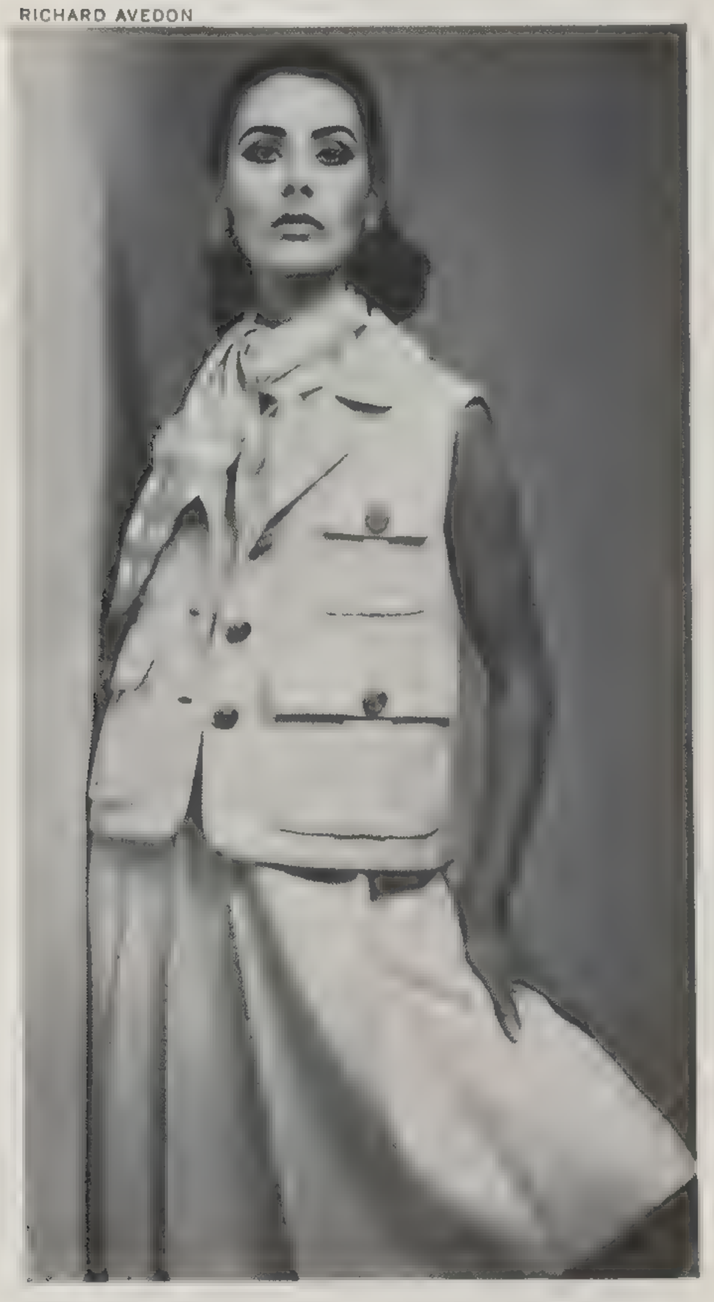
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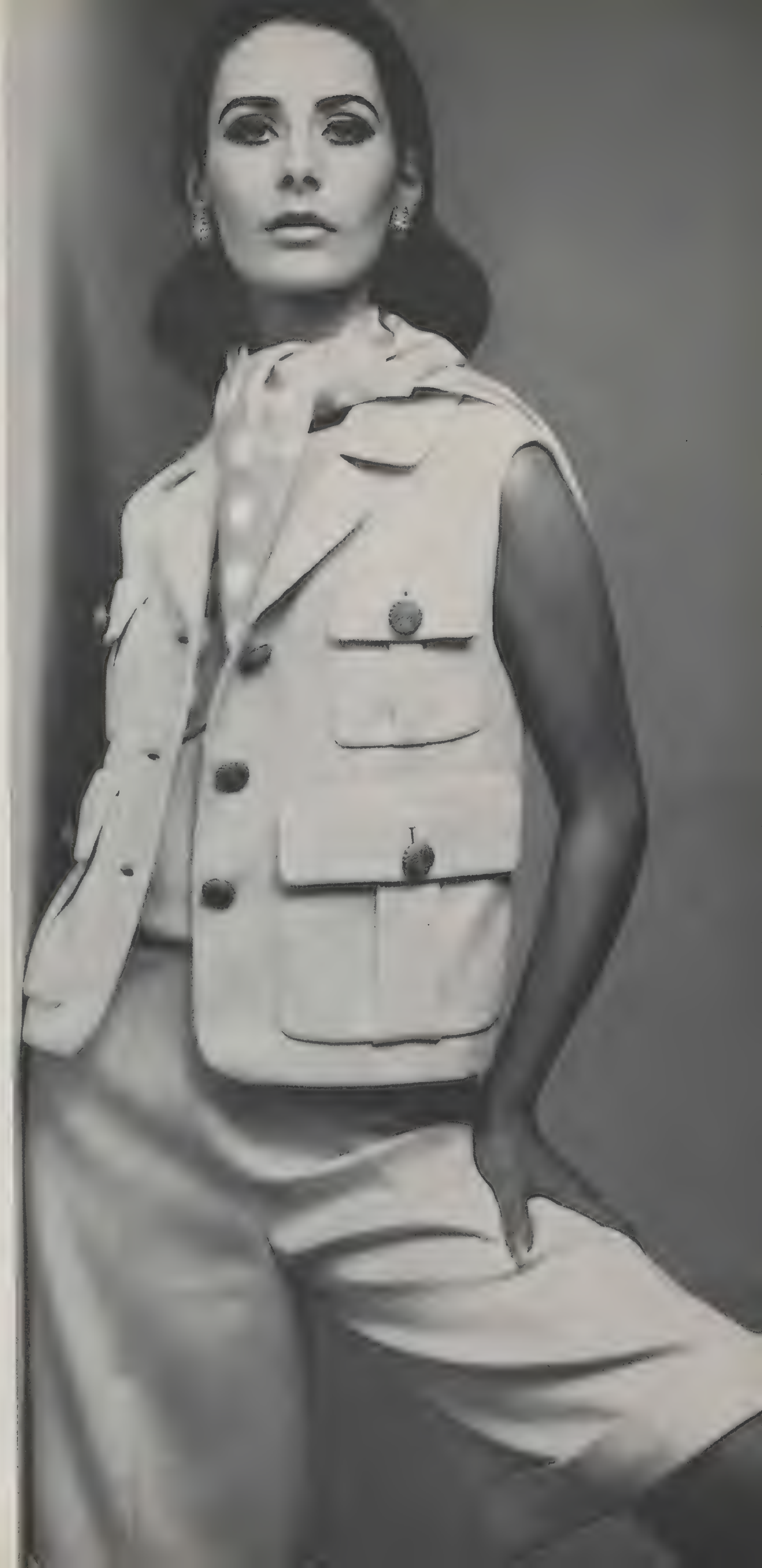
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ADELE SIMPSON's topical view of the holiday-bound costume—grand-scale glen plaid. Matched by a master eye and hand (notice, please, the exquisite mitering of that honorable little sleeve). Nonpareil non-wilt twill of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton. In traditional black and white, jolted with a loud and clear yellow blouse. About $200. At Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Lord & Taylor, New York; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.

B. H. WRAGGE carves a great little shaping of sculptured piqué. Points of interest: the newness of sleeve, the free-ing neckline. Stark and white in a cool, creaseless piqué of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton. Quite a special something, this look. About $75. At Rich's, Atlanta; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Harold, Inc., Minneapolis; Kaufmann's, Vendome, Pittsburgh; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Bonwit Teller, all stores. Hats shown here, by Mr. John. Jewels by David Webb.

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Germaine Monteil

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF SPRINGTIME OF THE SPIRIT

Realize that Christmas is a pause.
The word is beautiful and the idea
behind it more beautiful. Christmas is not
just for children. To believe
that it is is to believe that innocence
without knowledge is better than
understanding and faith and grace.
To be clever about Christmas is to be
profoundly stupid. The early springtime
of the spirit, Christmas is renewal and joy.



"NATIVITY" A BYZANTINE MASTERPIECE

LYRICAL, POWERFUL, TENDER, THIS GLORIOUS FRESCO IS PAINTED HIGH IN THE SMALL, DARKENED CHURCH, PERIBLEPTOS, GREEK FOR THE VENERATED ONE, IN THE DESERTED TOWN OF MISTRA THAT DOMINATES THE VALLEY OF SPARTA DEEP IN THE PELOPONNESUS. THERE, SOMETIME IN THE MIDDLE of the fourteenth century, an anonymous artist gave way to the poetry in his heart and illuminated the church with a glowing Madonna robed in an extraordinary blue, her Babe swaddled. Out of a corner of her eye the resting Virgin looks at her Son. They lie in a fantastic grotto, edged with curious, cubistic rocks, and watched by loving, contemplative angels. Unlike other Byzantine masterpieces, rigid, stern, blank of expression, the Mistra Nativity reveals that just for a short time human feelings appeared in the art of Byzantium. Few places exist where the Byzantine world comes so to life as in this fortress town, built by a Frankish crusader. There in the centre of Byzantine power an un-named painter worked on wet walls to express his adoration.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

OPEN THIS PAGE FOR DETAIL OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD





MRS. JOHN F. KENNEDY—BEAUTY RADIANT WITH HEART AND SPIRIT


LARRY FRIED
1-75


Jewels abundant



This is the newest makeup of the season—the Scheherazaderie leg.
Beaming paillettes and gemmy flowers flashing to the tips of the toes,
a modern fantaisie played on memories of
Cleopatra's serpent sandals, so dense with jewels the thongs and laces were never seen...
of the Indian beauty who adorned her legs with "jewels abundant"...
of dancers in the Bakst-Diaghilev ballets
"Scheherazade" and "Dieu Bleu."

Designed for Vogue by Elizabeth Arden's Pablo;
for further details see the next page.

BERT STERN

The lotus foot "...place on this patch of flower-strewn
floor your lotus foot, And let your foot
through beauty win..." Jewelled and pampered,
delicately arched and rouged—these were the feet of
heroines and goddesses in twelfth-century India;
the lotus feet that drew
the smouldering admiration of heroes....

For Vogue, Elizabeth Arden's gifted makeup man – Pablo of Coty Award fame – designed these gala jewel patterns for heroines treading the lotus way right now. Paillettes and fake gems – attached one by one – trace sandal shapes on bare feet. The toenail lacquer is Flame by Elizabeth Arden.

BERT STERN

MATCH ME SUCH MARVEL!

A RHAPSODY ON MIDDLE EASTERN THEMES BY LESLEY BLANCH

In the dank depths of a courtyard near the Porte-St.-Cloud a stooping man repairs luggage. He has never been further than Dieppe, a day's trip, "train de plaisir—to see the sea," but he craves richer horizons. As I travel widely, incessantly, my suitcases are always in need of his skill, and for the traveller's tales that I bring him, he pushes aside the rest of his work and gives my battered traps priority. While he stitches, I relive my journeys for both of us. Like myself, he has a preference for desert settings.

Having returned lately from a journey across Lebanon, Syria, and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, I evoke each with passion, recalling lost loveliness, the pastoral beauty of the Orontes River, the cedars of Lebanon, Palmyra, or Petra, secret city of the Nabateans, "which man deemed old two thousand years ago." I even plunge into the famous lines on Petra:

> Match me such marvel save in Eastern clime,
> A rose-red city half as old as Time.

"Tiens! c'est épatant," says Monsieur Gaston politely, although plainly more moved by the pink sand he shakes out of my dressing case and piles carefully beside his workbench. It has come from a Red Sea shore and is to be treasured accordingly. Overcome with nostalgia, I describe my perpetual sense of exile when far from these Middle Eastern regions I love.

Exile, for me, always begins when I can no longer wake to the harsh yet beautiful cry of the muezzin. This sense of exile deepens when no city gates widen into the desert's infinity, as at Palmyra, where the last pillar of Zenobia's crumbled empire stands sentinel over the Syrian Desert, Badiet esh Sham, hundreds of miles of unbroken tawny sands stretching eastward and eastward again, beyond the Euphrates. I am in exile when the black tents of the Bedawin give place to rooftops; when the *fashion* of a drink replaces the *ritual* of the nargileh; when fretful city faces and flabby city bodies replace the lean desert people—the women mysterious in their draperies, exotic in their tattooage; the men, *beaux ténébreux,* splendid in their flowing cloaks, bisht, abaya, or burnous (for the names vary from desert to desert, but their statuesque folds remain the same). Everywhere, these cloaked figures are to be seen swaying atop the high, scarlet-tasselled saddles of their camels, or riding up out of the sandstorm raised by their gazelle-like Arab horses. Their way of life and the trappings of the desert invest them with a legendary quality, an allure which is why, once it has cast its spell, the desert entices one away from the seductions of all cities—even such cities as Damascus, the world's oldest surviving, as intricate and sophisticated as its striped marble archi- (Continued on page 262)

FASHIONS ON THE SUN AND SHIMMER THEME 22 PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRY CLARKE

In the way of the sun, flashing its lures now in fascinating spots of the world—fashion that blazes with it, here in the magnificence of Syria and Jordan . . . the marvellous look of ivory colours over golden skin, of silks and linens with cutouts framing bareness, of rippling slivers of dresses—flou, shimmering, soft as perfumed breezes—for the moon-after-sun. At Palmyra, right: ivory silk crêpe over golden lengths of arms, legs, back . . . halter neckline, a low-backed U, the skirt deeply slit. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby. Coiffures—witty, tasselled, romantic—all designed and executed by Carita, Paris. Fashion details, page 254.









CUTOUTS OF BARENESS: IN B[illegible] WHITE WITH BOWS…SPANGLED WHITE VOILE

Cutout back, procession of bows, left: a sliver of blue-white silk, as cool and pale as moonlight.… Halter top, deeply slashed in front, deeply V'd in back, held by a bow; single file of bows down the skirt. By Junior Sophisticates. Bare top, shimmer of sequins, right: strapless top, low, curving…harem skirt…circular sweep of stole…a glimmer of gold and mother-of-pearl paillettes on heavy white voile. By Trigère. Backgrounds: ruins of Jerash, in Jordan—once a powerful Roman outpost. Fashion details, page 254.

HENRY CLARKE

THE IVORY GODDESSES … IN CHIFFON … IN JERSEY

Nike in a flight of chiffon, above: flowing blowing, all biased and draped … layers of ivory chiffon in a ravishing blur of motion, with bare shoulders showing through the transparent [illegible]. By Edward Molyneux. A thousand yards of ivory jersey … unfurled from a small curved bodice, cutaway at the sides … nothing but moonlight at the back. By Malcolm Starr. Desert background in Syria: the ancient city of Palmyra, where Queen Zenobia once reigned. … Fashion details, page 254

HENRY CLARKE





SUN-CUTS IN IVORY…
SILKS, LINENS

Ivory silk, opposite, farthest left:
a little cholee-top over a flared skirt….
Next left, a separate top side-buttoned
over bareness and a skirt that
wraps and ties. Both by Larry Aldrich.
Ivory linen cutouts, this page, top: a
high waist over faint gathers, stand-up
collar, low armholes….Directly above, a
bare back and tapered straps that V at a
bow. Both dresses by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. The backgrounds,
these pages: the Nymphaeum at Jerash, Jordan. Fashion details, page 254



THE IVORIES . . .
BARE AND SPARE

Ivory silk, above left,
with cap sleeves, high yoke,
deep side slits. Teal Traina.
Bows and hem of satin, below
left, on white silk crêpe;
tiny buttons. Geoffrey Beene.
Pleats under pockets, right,
a narrow shape of ivory
linen with cut-in armholes.
Chuck Howard of Townley.
A big O, far right above,
tied up at the back of
narrow ivory linen.
B. H. Wragge.
Deep V, shoestring-laced,
far right centre; ivory
linen, cut-in shoulders.
Shannon Rodgers for
Jerry Silverman.
Ivory wool, far right below,
with front zipper and bow,
high-waisted shape. Ben
Barrack. Syria background
here and opposite: the
beehive village of Tareb. . . .
Fashion details, page 254.

HENRY CLARKE



BIAS...BARENESS...AND
THE ASYMMETRIC HEM

Hem swept down, back cut out—
a halter-top bias of
ivory wool crepe, whipped like wind
around the body and wrapped to an
asymmetric hemline...lifted at the front,
trained down the back. By Charles Kleibacker.



Rounded up on the knee, down on the ankle—the asymmetric hemline describing a charming profile on a bias dress of pink silk crêpe...halter-cut blouson top open to the stars in back. By Donald Brooks. Stone stár in the Jordan background, both pages: a carved window in the ruins of Khirbet Mafjar Palace, near Jericho....Fashion details, page 254.


PERRY CLARKE

IVORY LINEN AND THE ASYMMETRIC HEM...
TRICOLOUR LINEN IN SORBET LAYERS

The asymmetric hemline, left, curving up from suntan, caught with brilliants...a slender evening dress in ivory linen. By Adele Simpson. Jordan setting: a star-shaped stone window in the ruins of the Khirbet Mafjar palace outside Jericho. Layers of sorbet linen, right: pink, pale blue, and bright violet to the top of the knees. By Abe Schrader. Syria backgrounds wooden incense burners crusted with bits of coloured tin and mirror; in the village of Maaloula. Fashion details, page 254





BARENESS, TRANSPARENCY AND THE JEWELLED LEG

Bareness, opposite, slashed out of the nakedest beige, the brightest blue with jewelled legs thrust through the slitaway skirt... a marvellous one-shoulder bias of Fibranne from Grès, worn over a tiny bikini. Transparent in diamonds, left, a net of gold and silver diamonds shimmering to a hem of handkerchief points. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Jordan setting the Bedouin Desert Patrol in Wadi Rum, where *Lawrence of Arabia* was filmed. Fashion details, page 254

GEOMETRICS...
THE LATE-DAY BLAZE

Tango-length organza, left: geometric stripes, squares, in smoky oranges and yellows, dusky greys....Fitted bodice with string-thin shoulder straps; glorious deep flounce around the skirt. By Mollie Parnis. Shown at Palmyra, Syria, which once ruled the caravan routes to the East. Geometrics of colour on saffron silk, right: a narrow little cling of dress with long narrow sleeves...in blazing saffron-yellow silk surah, strewn with squares, diamonds, circles of brilliant colour. By Nat Kaplan. Photographed at Jerash, in Jordan.
Fashion details on page 254





GOLDEN GIRLS...
IN TRANSPARENT MESH...IN LACE

Girl in a gilded cage, above, glimpsed through a ribbon of light, spangles and mesh spilling from a high waist... covering the arms. By Anne Fogarty.

Ivory lace, gilded, scalloped, right, and buoyant as air: an angelic young fluff of a dress...gathered up in front, cut out to the waist in back. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Background: Jordan, among the glowing ruins of Petra. Fashion details, page 254.





CUTAWAY LINENS . . . FLASHES OF BARENESS . . . LEGS IN THE SUN

Shoulders cut away, above, hem cut short . . . the barest little flick of ivory linen kept up by crisscrossed straps. By B. H. Wragge. Cutaway sides cut up on the back opposite, held at the midriff by a tricorne point. . . . Saint Laurent's small, sharp sizzle of tangerine linen, slashed in black. Jordan background: the Tomb of the Obelisks in the rose-red city of Petra. . . . Fashion details, page 25.


HENRY CLARKE

I had been waiting for her. And to wait in Port Said is to wait.

For you can take in the place now at a glance. You must forget its ancient reputation: I do not think Port Said can be called even a suburb of pleasure any more—it is a town that seems to be recovering from an illness. Quiet, hot, slow . . . but perhaps I got a wrong impression; I was there on a Sunday, which seems to be a sort of holiday. Although the respectable shops along the deeply arcaded streets were all open, the people of the town were at ease, all of them at one or another of the large sidewalk cafés, the men in clean white shirts, the women in fresh, pretty dresses—families—all drinking Turkish coffee and eating daring confections of whipped cream and mocha. I did the same.

I had exhausted the hotel. The Casino Palace is a "grand" in every sense of the word. Huge, set in a shady, neglected garden, it has ballrooms, lounges, terraces, reading rooms, vast corridors, now all closed and shrouded and shuttered. I was the only guest.

My room was on the third floor, and my windows looked out smack upon the Suez Canal. I hadn't slept much the night before, because each ship as it passed (and there were a hundred of them) had given me a quite unnecessary salute with its whistle. One blast or two, yes—I had bowed and tossed a hand genially from my bed—but a hundred! The smile had frozen on my lips.

So I was up early, leaning out the window to watch the vast harbour. Below, children were swinging on a gate, a dog sat in the brilliant shade, and I could see a terrace where someone was having breakfast. I dressed, packed, and as I was walking out, paused, for I saw this sentence scratched, quite plainly, in the panelling of the door, "Rimbaud slept here." It came as no surprise.

Later, at my sidewalk café, I spent a pleasant hour with a vendor of silver bracelets from the Sudan. His store was a tray hung around his neck, he wore the usual nightgown, and he was confident. The question, you understand, was not what I would do eventually with silver bracelets from the Sudan, but what I would do with the hour from eleven until twelve.

He wanted two dollars a bracelet, which I must say seemed cheap enough. They were beautifully made. But from my long experience of Egypt—seven days there—I had learned you can sometimes buy things for less than the asking price.

So I put the bracelet back on the tray and shrugged—with my mouth, my neck, my shoulders, and my hands. (How did I know to shrug like that in only seven days?) He came down to $1.90.

I shook my head. I had another cup of coffee. And I had always the vendor at my elbow.

In the end, of course, we came to an agreement. If I would buy three bracelets, I could have them for a dollar each. I felt like an old Egyptian hand. What was all this about the innocent American being taken by the wily Eastern merchant? I gave him the three dollars.

I got up to leave. It was twelve o'clock and I could decently go back to the terrace of the Casino Palace, have a beer and lunch. But I had not gone half a block when my vendor was beside me, a fourth bracelet in his hand. I could have it, he said, for fifty cents.

I bought it, of course. I know a bargain when I see one.

Finally she came. I had been standing on the embankment by the canal for an hour when suddenly there she was, "Madame V," the white ship that was to take me from Port Said to Hong Kong. I did not dare be certain it was she until I saw her name. She seemed, from what I had expected, too large, too beautiful, too aristocratic. But it was she, slipping slowly, confidently down the canal, a tiny white ruffle of a wave at her bow, giving me, who had fallen in love with her on sight, not even the most casual of glances.

My heart lifted and I ran. I needn't have, for it was hours before I could board her. I had not counted on the really gigantic preparations the Egyptian customs had made for my departure.

There were diversions. In the shed where I waited to have pieces of paper stamped and money counted, two pretty American girls—from New Haven—waited, too. Such pretty girls, in summer dresses, not travelling clothes, just summer dresses, each carrying a butterfly net. They had been given them as a joke when they sailed from New York, and they had not, they said, found a convenient place to leave them. Two healthy innocents, travelling securely around the world; I last saw them a week later picking their way along the complicated docks of Bombay, each in a summer dress, each carrying a butterfly net.

Suddenly, at last, we were in a little launch and then alongside the great white flank of "Madame V," and for the first time I was climbing her long gangway.

What a joy it was to hear grown-up French spoken again—after the weeks of baby talk I had been used to in Greece and Turkey and Egypt. And what a joy to see that comfortable cabin, so large and solid, with one end glass, giving out on to a balcony. And dryly cold.

I unpacked, I had a shower, I had, in a crystal glass, a Martini, and for dinner I had real food again.

And now, my stomach which, like a spoiled child, had been kicking and screaming all over the Dodecanese islands, "Let's get the hell out of here. Let's go back to New York . . . ," finally faced the fact that we were going around the world and relaxed. And my sinuses, which hadn't cared much for travelling either, retreated in the night from their long-held positions in eye and tooth. All was well.

That first evening on deck after dinner I noticed we listed a trifle to port. We were, however, tied to a couple of large mooring buoys, so I supposed there must be a tide or some other such nuisance which "Madame V" didn't like and was resisting.

The Suez Canal is a one-way street, and the traffic, like traffic all over the world, is enormous. We couldn't sail until midnight, when the way would be clear; then off we went, trailing half a hundred freighters behind us. It was a pretty sight, as we snaked our way along through the sand, to look back at all the headlights; ships in the Suez

THE ADVENTURERS:

SKULDUGGERY ABOARD THE "MADAME V"

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

must wear headlights like, well, like the Super Chief, so the pilots can see where they are going.

I went to bed about two A.M. We were still listing, now inexplicably, that trifle to port.

When I awoke, we were at anchor in Bitter Lakes, three-quarters of the way down the canal. There was now, on that bright, still blazing morning, absolutely no question whatsoever: we were listing, and more than a trifle. Our train of freighters was parked all around us, there was nothing strange about any of them, they rode perfectly level, it was only we. It was as if "Madame V," half asleep after a tough night, was simply unable to pull herself together.

No one seemed to mind, and off we went; Suez that night, and then for the next few days down the Red Sea—jauntily we went: jauntily is the bravest word I can think of. I was not yet used to it.

I had gotten to know an English Foreign Office type who was on his way to two years at the British High Commission in Delhi, and who was reading Kipling, E. M. Forster, and Ian Fleming all at once. Boldly one night in the bar I mentioned the ship's list to him.

Unhesitatingly he said to me, "My dear fellow, look at it this way. Thousands of ships have been built that ride upon an even keel. Perhaps the French thought it would be amusing to build one that didn't. They are a very imaginative race, you know."

Well, so. My cabin was on the starboard side of the ship, and I slept with my feet slightly higher than my head. Those nights, atilt, I was reading a seemingly endless biography of John Addington Symonds and listening to music which came, you must believe me, from Radio Djibouti.

We stayed a long day in Aden, moored out in the bay to buoys, and ferried to the town in launches which were manned by Indians who wore the most elegant turbans I have ever seen. Even in India there were none to compare.

I went ashore with an Austrian diplomat who was on his way to Kuala Lumpur. ("Madame V" was loaded with diplomats—English, Austrian, American.) We had something in common: neither of us had a camera, and did not intend to buy one. There are too many pictures in the world, we agreed. Aden's the place to buy, however, the freest of free ports: half our fellow passengers came back with one-hundred-and-seventy-dollar cameras they had bought for sixty, and binoculars that were practically given away. You know. I bought Kent cigarettes for $1.75 a carton and Wilkinson Sword blades for fifty cents, and a handsome dhoti which I am not really sure I can ever use.

Aden has goats. Not goats at a distance, goats right there. They lie, like packs of dogs, about the pavements and on the steps and entrances to shops. They are clean, small, elegant, and obviously accepted. After the first surprise, they are a delight, especially when, in front of a large poster reading "Les Parfums Balenciaga," you see two of them curled up, watching.

Aden is not so much a town as an (Continued on page 249)





MRS. S. CARTER BURDEN—A TRUE BEAUTY, WITH THE LUSTRE OF YOUTH, THE MAGNETISM OF QUICK RESPONSE, AND THE RARE IMMEDIATE PROMISE OF BECOMING MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH TIME.

PENN

MRS. S. CARTER BURDEN



Mrs. Burden's coiffures and the postiche plaited with roses, heather, and babies' breath were done by Kenneth.



PENN



"A MYSTERY LIKE TRUE LOVE"

GREEN FLOWERS AND HERB TREES

BY BUNNY MELLON

Too much should not be explained about a garden. Its greatest reality is not reality, for a garden, hovering always in a state of becoming, sums its own past and its future. A garden, like a library, is a whole made up of separate interests and mysteries: among these mysteries are green flowers and the shaping of some herbs into small trees.

Green flowers are enchanted flowers, magic flowers, the witches of the garden. They give an impression of reflected sunlight, the light of a Bonnard painting. Truly green, these flowers range from the colour of emeralds to the colour of moonlight on white flowers. Mixed with flowers in other more expected colours they add a secret formula of air and life.

Some flowers have always been green: the *Ixia viridiflora;* the long, fringed orchid *Platyclinis filiformis;* the *Cymbidium miretta,* variety 'Glendessary,' grandparent of all green orchids; and the lacy *Alchemilla major*—the lady's-mantle which is well known in England and, I think, not enough appreciated in America. Some flowers suddenly become green: green zinnias, for instance, appeared unexpectedly among their family of wild, clear colours. A gardener will catch and encourage such serendipity by taking care to protect and isolate the seeds. The tulip 'Artist,' and nicotiana 'Lime' came about from just such sports. The lilies, 'Green Dragon' and the Green Magic strain resulted from careful, deliberate experiments as did green auriculas. (In the eighteenth century auriculas were the subjects of great collections like those orchids form today.)

With the help of our inspired and scholarly gardener, Mr. Charles Pecora, and a greenhouse, we have green flowers all year. Neither in bouquets nor in flowerbeds do we use all green flowers together, for they deepen, brighten, and add subtlety to other colours. They have a mystery like true love that wants to hide but is betrayed by its own joy.

A gardener plans at least eighteen months ahead. To keep a garden is to create, to care, and to hope. Years ago I experimented with growing rosemary, thyme, myrtle, and santolina into small standards in the shape of bay trees, varying from ten inches to three feet in height. When we began, as far as I (Continued on next page)

THIS FLOURISH OF GREEN FLOWERS, *left,* was gathered from those blooming all at one time in the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon in Upperville, Virginia. Mrs. Mellon, who wrote the article on this and the next pages, is one of this country's finest gardeners, and has been quietly connected with some of America's most enchanting and beautiful gardening ventures. From her almost year-round green flower collection, the three shown here are the sharp-green zinnia 'Envy,' the pale nicotiana 'Lime,' and the clustered golden-green flowers of *Alchemilla major,* or lady's-mantle.

HORST

GREEN FLOWERS AND HERB TREES

know, they were unique in America, although I have read references to such trees in my old gardening books.

This library, which includes manuscripts going back to the 1300's, amounts to a working collection for it is in continuous use. From it I learned much about pruning, growing, and designing, for past methods were often ahead of ours.

These little herb trees, which recall the pure quality of a mediaeval monastery garden, began as an experiment to create something that would be to our culture, the culture of the Western Hemisphere, what the bonsai trees are to the Eastern; to produce a living plant that had the quality of an object.

As it takes about two years to make and shape an herb tree, we keep adding to this collection. By now we have a small forest. The original clipping for the myrtle trees came from Mount Vernon, where Mr. Robert B. Fisher, the head gardener, is generous and carries on the exchange of plants as once George Washington did. As the trees grow up, I give them to friends. A pinched leaf of rosemary, thyme, or santolina will bring the scent of a country garden into any room; some friends who cook keep their trees in the kitchen where the trimming of the tree becomes the flavour of the stew.

These trees, after many years, are still an astonishment and a joy, each beginning so improbably with a frail thread of plant lashed to a sliver of bamboo. To watch each one of them grow calls on all the resources of the gardener—resources which are surprisingly like those of the seaman who learns to live with faith, success, disappointment, and patience.

MRS. PAUL MELLON, *right*, with a gathering of her extraordinary miniature herb trees, was photographed at a window of her Virginia house. She brings to gardening a strong grain of discipline, perfectionism (her flower pots, her lead plant markers are carefully thought out), and a rare sympathy with growing things. She seems to be, simply, in cahoots with them. *Left:* The subtle green zinnia, 'Envy.'

HORST



THE MUTE SWANS OF ENGLAND

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LORD SNOWDON

Their necks arched with mirrored, double beauty, Royal Swans have for centuries been the metaphor of poets. Bad-tempered, gluttons for zostra (a kind of water-grass), these visionary birds may only be owned in England either by the Queen or by Royal Patent. The ravishing ones, shown here and on the next four pages, are the valued possession of Lady Galway whose family has kept the Swannery at Abbotsbury in Dorset for some three hundred years.



The Cantley Swan-roll (a little after 1603) gives the heraldic swan-marks of the Broadland region and the names of the aristocratic owners of each mark—actually a brand appearing usually on the upper part of the birds' bills.




LORD SNOWDON


THE MUTE SWANS OF ENGLAND

THE MUTE SWANS OF ENGLAND

LORD SNOWDON



Johnston hallo

Homfod hallo

Mawdby hallo

Edmond Howe of
Stokesby hallo

Paston hallo
now Paston

Barney of
Rodhm

THE PENSHURST SWAN-ROLL,
AFTER 1558.
BOTH PENSHURST AND
CANTLEY ARE FROM
"THE MUTE SWAN IN ENGLAND"
BY N. F. TICEHURST.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The gale of plays, concerts, new movies, art shows blowing through New York, Paris, and London. . . . Sarah Badel, a small, pretty English actress with eyes widely spaced in the ocelot mask of her face, and Coral Browne, a tall, beautiful, authoritative English actress with a classic profile, both of them in New York's *The Right Honourable Gentleman,* a fascinating play, old-fashioned and immoral in the best Victorian manner—adultery is permissible but divorce fatal in a public man. . . . In London, the extraordinary idolization of the great Russian cellist, Mstislav Rostropovich, who so mesmerized the television cameraman, when the cellist and David Oistrakh appeared together, that the cameraman concentrated on Rostropovich rather than on the violinist, knowing that that was what the English public preferred; with his concerts sold out way in advance, Rostropovich is the Ringo of classical musicians.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Theodore C. Sorensen and his cool, judging book, *Kennedy,* in which, interspersed among the descriptions of the crises in John F. Kennedy's life, Sorensen took the space, rightly, to give this appealing short comment on the Kennedy speeches: "He used little or no slang, dialect, legalistic terms, contractions, clichés, elaborate metaphors, or ornate figures of speech. He refused to be folksy or to include any phrase or image he considered corny, tasteless, or trite. He rarely used words he considered hackneyed: 'humble,' 'dynamic,' 'glorious.' "

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Paris, the nameless restaurant in the Saint-Germain-des-Prés district, known only by its address, 14 rue Jacob; the food is good, the room small, and the patrons can buy practically anything in the place as it is partly an antique shop—among the patrons: Hervé Alphand, Pierre Cardin, Jeanne Moreau, and Yves Saint Laurent. . . . The aggressive art exhibition at the Galerie Creuze (Continued on page 256)

SONNY AND CHÉR STAR FOLK-ROCKERS

Look at them, Sonny and Chér. Everybody is. Love singers from California, they are married, positive-protest thinkers whose LPs and singles, *I Got You Babe, Look At Us, But You're Mine,* sell in the millions, have pitched them around the top of the disc charts. "I can only play seven chords," said Sonny Bono, twenty-four, who plinks out most of the hymns to marital bliss they sing on marathon one-night stands, on television, in Europe, and in a movie they will make. Disarmingly baffled by their spiralling success, he said, "Everything's out of sight, man." Now the darlings of the transatlantic folk-rock kingdom, these two have countless hoarders of their records, copiers of their clothes. Sonny's lionheart haircut, his knee-length buckskin boots, his possum and bobcat jackets. Chér's waterfall of dense black hair, her pale deep-eyed radiance, her hundred pairs of below-navel, belled pants. (Nineteen-year-old Chér doesn't own a dress.) In the folk-rock idiom, Sonny and Chér pound out Love. Around Sonny's hammering twang to let-us-be-what-we-wanna-be lyrics, Chér pours a plaintive low loop of sound.

JOHN COWAN





Stripping down, down, down—to a new cleavage: the backs of the barest bathing suits now . . . showing a length of lithe action-toned spine that stretches straight from shoulders to lean midriff and beyond—as far as a spine can show. The naked-back bikini, left, that was the rage of St. Tropez this year—white knitted nylon and Lycra with a few inches of low pants, a little top held by mere slings over the shoulders. Suit, by Bill Blass for Roxanne; $20. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Asymmetric fishnet, right, reaching down to little low pants, a hint of hip-cleavage. The front, solid black. Suntanning? To do first, naked. By Cole of California, of black Nytelle nylon and Spandelle (Rosenstein fabric); $26 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Dayton's. Postiches, these eight pages: all fun hair—great sheaves of Dynel cut straight across, blunted like mules' tails. All, arranged by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

PENN

BATHING SUITS–
THE STRIPPED-DOWN BACK

T for Tapes and T-squares, left, ruled in black on the edge of white. Everything that covers is small as can be—the pants cut up at the sides, the top a narrow little unconstructed band, with a connecting black tape down the middle. By Bill Blass for Roxanne, of knitted nylon and Lycra; $24. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. White tapes over golden skin, right, stripping down to the lowest, littlest black pants. The front, a black maillot that reaches up to the white band around the neck. By Harbor Road, of Lycra and stretch nylon; $25: Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.

BATHING SUITS—GEOMETRICALLY STRIPPED

SCUBA SUIT,
BATHING SUIT–
LOW TAPES,
LOW ARMHOLES

PENN

Little white scuba-shape, left, with tapes of black outlining low pants, running high around the neck, down the sleeves. Perfectly swimmable—for a switch on bareness, and the snappiest exercise suit ever. By Rikki for Sport Trio, of stretch nylon; $35 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Sakowitz. Undershirt armholes, right, stripped down to the waist, white-taped. The rest: a black maillot, the front and back high in contrast with wide-open sides. By Harbor Road, of Lycra and stretch nylon; $26 at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

SURFERS AND SWIMMERS— SLICK, STRIPPED, VEILED IN NET

Wet suit, left, slick and black, made of rubber, with short sleeves, short pants, a zipper down the front. For surfers to keep warm in—waiting for the right wave to come along. Made by Aqua-Lung; about $30 at Richards. Net suit, right—the stripped-down allure of a point d'esprit leotard with high neck, long sleeves, veiling low pants, a backless top. All, poison green. By Cole of California; of nylon; $30 at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Red suit, far right, of velvety stretch terry cloth—the simplest little body-shape, bare-backed, seemingly seamless, unconstructed as a stocking. By Young Naturals, knitted of cotton and Blue C nylon (Armtex fabric); at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.



PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBERG

A profile of Renaissance beauty and fascination, like the portraits of young noblewomen in the Uffizi...the wealth of chestnut hair (wanting only a netted coif of pearls), the high pure brow, the warm colouring, the magnificent black-fringed brown eyes. She is actually half-Italian, half-Austrian, with the charm and élan of both countries....She wears, *left*, an Empire-waisted coat of horizontally-worked mink, sashed in brown satin. Of Umpa natural dark ranch mink. *Right*, the Princess in a long white mink coat with deeply-slit sides. Of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink. Both coats, made to order at Maximilian. K.J.L. earrings.

PENN





BARONESS THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA

Her profile—proud, strongly-chiselled, beautiful—has an almost piercing clarity, a forward thrust like a ship's figurehead.... Born Fiona Campbell-Walter in Scotland, she still moves with a moorland grace and freedom—and head-on, her beauty is pure Celt: thick dark-auburn hair, blue-green eyes with faintly quizzical eyebrows, deeply-cleft chin. Baroness Thyssen wears, *left*, a black broadtail sheath with a sable hem; sable stole. Made to order at Maximilian, of black Russian broadtail lamb, natural Russian Crown sable. K.J.L. earrings. Star of Siam necklace. Coiffure: Marc Sinclaire.



HORST

"FLOWERING, BURSTING, EXUBERANT"

ENCHANTING CONCEITS OF BAROQUE AND ROCOCO, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE CHRISTMAS SNOWS OF GERMANY BY HORST

BAROQUE ART IN EXCELSIS

In the snow, Marienberg Fortress, above, *and,* left, *a baroque figure on the bridge leading to the Würzburg Residenz with its Church of the Prince-Bishops,* far left, *a 1732 masterwork by the great baroque architect Balthasar Neumann.*



"FLOWERING, BURSTING, EXUBERANT"

After the dark ravages of the Thirty Years' War, it took another fifty years for Rococo to burst over Germany and Austria. Princes built churches, monasteries, palaces, and theatres, jewelling their mannered parks with enchanting conceits: hunting boxes, grottos, chinoiserie pavilions. The white-and-gold frenzy, the froth of ornamentation on palaces and churches in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Germany and Austria, has uniquely and fortunately survived.

Walls melted into air, ceilings into the heavens. The bulkiness of mass gave way to flows of space; sources of hidden light bathed slender columns, piers, and galleries. Fabric seemed to dematerialize and art thrived in an ethereal world of spatial unity and diaphanous structure. The whole appeared formed by a single gesture, shaped and moulded from a single supple material. After the austerity, the bleakness of the long years of war, eyes needed what France first gave, the gift of ornament and the release of feeling.

Sensibly, *The Columbia Encyclopedia* calls the baroque style a practice of the seventeenth century and rococo that of the eighteenth century. Characteristic of Baroque are energy and movement, great multiple rhythms within large, undulating forms. The Rococo in Austria and Germany evolved from that style. It fused two tendencies—French decorative genius and Italian sculptural vitality—becoming an art of exquisite refinement and grace, ingenious, and, in some cases, superbly bizarre. If we (Continued on page 248)

AN EXALTATION IN STUCCO

A triumph of rococo ornamentation, this stuccō Trinity with angels and cherubs against a sunburst of gold was sculpted by the master stuccators of Wessobrunn, J. M. Feichtmayr and J. G. Ublhör, above the High Altar in the abbey church of Amorbach.



JEWEL OF
ROCOCO ART

Silver leaf scrolled on ice-blue walls in the Amalienburg's sixteen-sided Hall of Mirrors, its shimmering panels reflecting the argentine and citron-yellow bedroom of the Electress Maria Amalia.

PAGODA OF PLEASURES

Near a lake in Nymphenburg Park, the Pagodenburg, above, *was built for the Elector Max Emanuel by Joseph Effner in 1716. In this kitchenless pleasance, periwigged footmen served banquets through the windows.* Right, *Régence room opening to the upper stairwell, paved in Delft tiling.*

HORST

A NOBLE CONCEIT

The Margrave Georg-Wilhelm of Brandenburg-Bayreuth, whose cypher, near right, caps the entrance, filled this grotto in the Eremitage with shell-crusted grotesques, far right, and two hundred jet water sprays, sometimes playfully spurted at surprised noblemen.

A JAPANESE FANTASY

A corner, above, *and the ceiling,* right, *of the Japanese Room in the Bayreuth Eremitage of the Margravine Wilhelmina, designed by her around four Japanese lacquered panels given her by her brother, Frederick the Great of Prussia*



A DAZZLEMENT OF LIGHT

The Marble Room above, with its intricate parquetry floor, left, and ceiling with the Archbishop and electoral hat of the eighteenth-century Count Lothar Franz von Schönborn, in Schloss Weissenstein of Pommersfelden, the most magnificently baroque private house in Germany.

"DANCE FLOOR OF GOD"

A wonder of rococo, its gold-embossed pulpit and diaphanous stuccowork blazed in sunlight, the pilgrimage church of Die Wies in open meadowland was designed for peasants in 1746 by the great Dominikus Zimmermann.





"Flowering, Bursting, Exuberant"

(Continued from page 235) are to enjoy the Baroque and Rococo, we must appreciate the confluence of architectural forms and ornament. They can not be separated, no more than skin can be separated from bone and a living organism remain. In Art Nouveau, a style in many ways similar, the mistake is often made of leaving out the skeleton.

To the Margraves and Electors who lived in those scrolled, high-spirited palaces, it must have seemed as if they were living inside Easter eggs. To the peasants who walked as many as twenty miles once a week to the glorious churches, it must have seemed like Heaven. Theatrical, the German Rococo was like water fountains orchestrated. In Austria, the Mozart country, the rococo curves and swoops might have been blown by flutes.

The baroque and rococo imagination retains its life in peasant Bavaria where one still feels the hunters and the horns in pine forests. There is a village church with its pulpit shaped like a ship's prow, and its sail raised on the foremast with cupids on the ropes, busy in the rigging. At another village, Amorbach, the pulpit is like the flowering golden cabin of a gondola hung on the wall for regilding in the gondola yard. In a nuns' church the balconies for the choir have the form of opera boxes with latticed or grilled fronts, like the boxes for the ladies of the harem in the Opera House at Cairo.

How is this strange efflorescence of the Rococo in these settings to be explained? Perhaps it is to be looked upon as a magnification, the embodiment of a new feeling. Primarily the Rococo reflected a fresh attitude towards life, a frame of mind, a love of the decorative—flowering, bursting, exuberant.

What is hard to assess and to understand is the high order of sophistication of the craftsmen producing some of these most graceful and fantastic works of art. Dominikus Zimmermann, one of the supreme geniuses of the Rococo, could hardly read or write, and could not draw; he was only at ease with the maquette and terra-cotta of the sculptor. His church, Die Wies, is a work on a level with Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro.*

His brother, Johann Baptist Zimmermann, worked for the Elector of Bavaria with that most fantastic and unlikely genius of the whole rococo movement—a pioneer in Germany and Austria—the Walloon court page, François de Cuvilliés, a dwarf. They produced the Amalienburg, a pavilion in the park of Nymphenburg, outside Munich. A one-storeyed, white building, it has an interior that is among the wonders of the entire world of art. The marvel of the Amalienburg is the circular room *à fond blanc,* in off-white, that is to say, white with blue shades in it, like those in evening snow, and, it would seem, three other shades of blue with the stucco overlaid in silver, all in compliment to the white and blue Bavarian colours.

Indeed, the stucchi by Johann Baptist Zimmermann, probably to the designs of Cuvilliés, are of unimaginable fantasy and elegance. At the Amalienburg the art of stucco is at its zenith. But this rococo pavilion, like the blue domes of Isfahan, like the Court of the Lions at the Alhambra of Granada, is difficult to write of just because of its ultimate, its irreproachable perfection.

Such perfection belongs as well to Pommersfelden, the most splendid house in Central Europe. It is the creation of its builder, Lothar Franz von Schönborn, Prince-Bishop of Bamberg, Elector and Archbishop of Mainz, and Arch-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Empire. The huge staircase, greatest of all baroque stairs, which rises through all three floors of the central pavilion of Pommersfelden, was to his design, and indeed he insisted upon it and would not have it altered by the architects. The whole is of a patrician magnificence unmatched in Italy and only equalled by Vanbrugh's Castle Howard and Blenheim Palace.

Two other Schönborn Prince-Bishops were in turn builders of the great Residenz in Würzburg, their architect, Balthasar Neumann, achieving the monumental staircase with its vast ceiling upon which Tiepolo displayed the last splendours of the Venetian school of painting.

One of the most beautiful rococo interiors in the world, of course, is that of Die Wies by both the brothers Zimmermann. Because this church is deep in the country of fir woods and sub-Alpine meadows, the enchantment is heightened. The interior, a magnificent oval, is of indescribable happiness and gaiety. But that there are deeper meanings and implications shows through the careful gradations of the colours that reach passionate intensity at the High Altar, where every colour has its symbolic meaning. In front of this vision it is easy to understand why Dominikus Zimmermann retired in his old age to a little house nearby in order to be near his masterpiece. One comes away from Die Wies conscious that something has gone out of the world never to come back again.

Max Beerbohm wrote that when he was a young man, his beloved London was always referred to as "she," but had now become just "it." And it is the same all over the world. Not only this small oval church, Die Wies, but the Amalienburg and other magnificent baroque and rococo works have a music and a poetry missing, like some vitamin deficiency, from our diet.

Skulduggery

(Continued from page 203)

imposition upon a landscape. You have long left the kindly hills of Europe behind you; you are now in monstrous country that has been hacked by a jagged razor. Brown is the only colour, green is not even a memory—it has never been. So many landscapes welcome, even seem pleased at, man's decoration: his boulevards and gardens, his strings of lights, his buildings, his colours. Not Aden. A couple that I came to know later boarded the "Madame V" at Aden. They had been stationed there for two years, but as we sailed out of the harbour that evening they did not give it one farewell glance.

As we sailed out of the harbour . . . well, as we did, the "Madame V" executed an astonishing manoeuvre. She banked. You know what "bank" is, of course. On the land or in the air when you turn left, you lean left. But on the sea, no. When you turn left, you lean *right.* (Some sort of law at work here, I suppose.) But not "Madame V." We came roaring out of the harbour at Aden, turned left for Bombay, and we *leaned* left.

"If I were you," the Austrian said thoughtfully, "I wouldn't tell anybody about this."

Her idiosyncrasy aside, the "Madame V" was the perfect ship for me. She was an adult ship, a liner, elegant and politely aloof. She assumed that if you were taking this lengthy, roundabout way of getting from one place to another, you had reasons of your own, and she did not interfere. She did not introduce you to anyone, she did not ask you to put on fancy dress, she distributed no balloons. She provided wide, comfortable decks, a proper pool, good food and drink, and that was that.

On those next identical days, I improved my sunburn and read a paperback of Salinger's about the Glass family. I remembered my friend Thomsen's line that Salinger is the Louisa May Alcott of our time.

Too soon we left the milky-green Indian Ocean and dawdled across the muddy harbour of Bombay to Prince George Dock, where we were greeted by enormous bouquets of Indian girls in saris. You could see them from far away in the morning light of six o'clock.

Don't suppose I will presume to say anything about India. I wasn't there long enough. Oh . . . maybe the cobras.

I had got it into my provincial head that cobras are rare, that you have to make an arrangement with a travel agency to see one. That is not true.

You can barely stop to look into a shop window in Bombay without finding, squatting beside you, a ragged turban with a basket and a flute. I can't say I much care for snakes, but cobras are quite pretty, and I squandered rupees to see them rear up and stick their tongues out at me.

A day later we were back in the European safety of the "Madame V," lounging along the tremendous coast of Mysore, on the way to Ceylon.

Kandy is dandy. Colombo was overwhelmed with ships; we could not dock, so we were moored to two enormous buoys in the harbour behind the breakwater. Early in the morning we took launches to the pier to embark on our trips up to Kandy.

I had supposed I was going with the Austrian, but we were separated, and I saw him drive off with a nice Danish family we knew, a family that was hung, not with just one camera, but with dozens. I went with a Japanese physicist and his wife and an elderly Frenchwoman who wore a wig.

Ceylon is tropical and neat. The air is clear, the people are handsome. The road up, up, up to Kandy is appalling and practical. It is a remnant of the British.

There are other remnants. You know how the British love railroads? As you drive along the green and flowery highway, you see endless remainders of their passion—freight yards, tunnels, crossings, signal houses —all, it would seem, out of pro-

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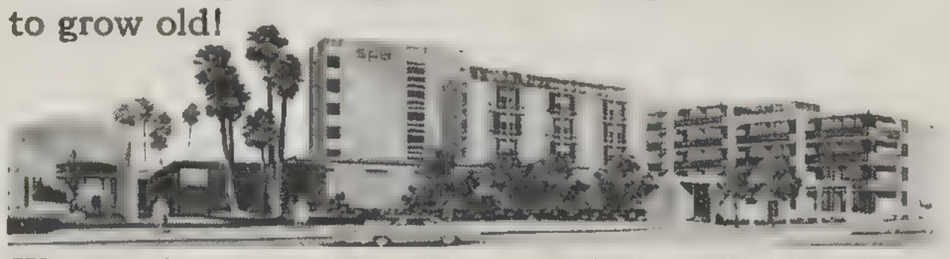


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Skulduggery

(Continued from page 249)

portion to the need. Everything is a little shabby now, but the whistles still toot their castrati toots, delightful memorials to happy times.

When we had left the rice fields and started climbing, we stopped at a tea factory. In my innocence I had supposed that tea was picked by pretty girls, who then spread it on newspapers, perhaps, to dry in the sun. No.

The factory had great flywheels, belts, furnaces, platforms that shook, and God knows what other pieces of machinery. I bought four pounds of tea for a dollar.

Kandy itself is a pleasant town with a tremendous temple which contains a tooth of the Buddha, which I did not see as it was not the season. We wandered in the famous gardens, as lovely as any in the world, shepherded by an old man in a pink sarong, whose white hair was done in a bun stuck with gold hairpins. We lunched at a villa high over the lake; we shopped, and then we started down the mountain by an alternate road, so we could see the elephants.

We saw them. Casual elephants. Pulling things, lifting things, just walking. And elephants bathing. It was the time. Elephants, you know, insist upon a bath every afternoon.

Elephants, among their other virtues, have wit. I saw one old love lying on his side in a shallow stream, who was having on his mahout. The mahout, stark naked except for a sapphire turban, was straddling the great grey flank, scrubbing with a loofah. The time came to wash behind the ears. An elephant's ear is a considerable organ. The mahout beat upon it, up it came, and behind it went the loofah. Then down came the ear. The mahout, in a rage, pounced up and down with his whole body, screaming. Up came the ear. Wash. Down went the ear. Scream. Up. Down. Up. Down. Scream. Scream.

It was the elephant's eye I watched. I have never before, anywhere, seen an eye, alone, which could laugh. It sparkled, it shone, it laughed.

We got down to Colombo in time for me to buy the usual handful of topazes, and by seven I was back on the ship. I, too, had a wash, then wandered up to the bar for a Martini which I took out on deck.

The Austrian was there, silent and glum. I said hello and then, "How were the Danes and their cameras? Did you have a trying day?"

"Trying?" he said. "My dear man, I have never had such a day in my life." He was almost in tears. "We stopped at *every elephant*."

It was then, or a little after then, that I made my one joke of the voyage. It was a windy night. The sky was a bright yellow, blotted by black clouds.

The "Madame V" was about to depart. I have said that we were moored to buoys in the harbour. On each buoy there stood a couple of men who were to free our hawsers at the critical moment.

Just before the critical moment, the "Madame V" was hit broadside by a great, I think I can say a spectacular, gust of wind. She pulled, and those standing men were thrown into the water.

"Ah," I said, "there you see an illustration of how to separate the men from the buoys."

The Austrian, thank God, understood. He bought the next round of Martinis.

The "Madame V" did her usual slouch across the Bay of Bengal, and turning south still slouching, slid into the Strait of Malacca. Then something odd happened. Word got around, by way of the deck steward, that at three o'clock in the afternoon we would pass the "Madame L," "Madame V's" sister ship.

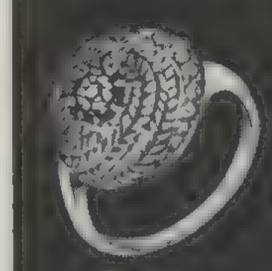
Well, "Madame V" straightened up. Like some lady of quality who has been on a drunk and finds, unexpectedly, that she must meet her family, she washed her face, put on stockings, combed her hair, and rode on the evennest of keels, calmly. We marvelled.

Three o'clock came and so did "Madame L," straight as a ramrod. The failing, at least as far as we could judge, did not

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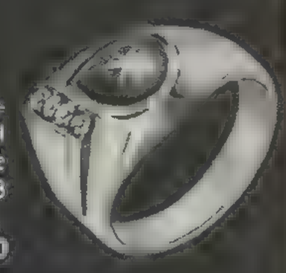
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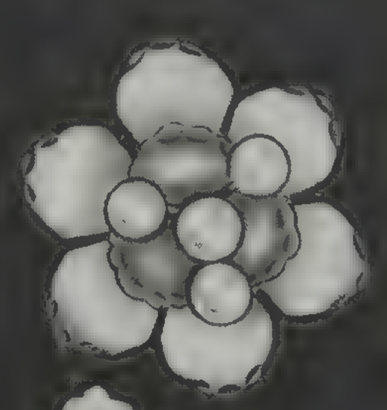
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But then something even odder happened. When she was some distance from "Madame L." "Madame V" cut her engines, and we came slowly to an unmistakable stop. "Madame L" did the same. And there they were. Two great white sisters, quite near each other, dead stopped in a bright blue sea. Family affection we all understood, but this seemed excessive. What? What?

The explanation was simple enough. In Singapore "Madame L" had picked up a stowaway, and instead of feeding and coddling him the whole way to Marseilles and back, she had decided to unload him on the "Madame V," which would be in Singapore again in the morning.

What would you think a stowaway looks like? I had no experience. Ours, when he had been rowed over to us, lavishly, by fourteen sailors and four officers, turned out to be an extremely handsome young Malaysian dressed in well-made blue walking shorts and a rose-coloured shirt. He looked as if he were on his way to the Riviera, which I suppose he was.

In an hour it was all over. We started off, after much picture taking, and until the "Madame L" was out of sight we behaved. Then off came the stockings and "Madame V" settled down to a little quiet drinking. On her side.

In Singapore it rained a bit and in the wet gardens I fed monkeys tiny bananas, at least I did until I tasted one and found out how good it was; then I ate the rest myself. I bought an alligator wallet, sent a cable, exchanged a few dollars, walked wide-eyed through the Chinese streets, the first I had seen, and in the evening gave a party at Raffles for friends who were leaving the ship. There were ten of them, including the Austrian. It was sad, they were such old friends: two weeks.

At eleven I escaped the heat and went back into the freezing air conditioning of the "Madame V." We sailed at two, someone said.

The dining salon of the "Madame V" was a high and handsome room. You came down into it from either side of the ship, on stairs which met midway to form a grand staircase, which led down again. The room itself was mirrored and chandeliered, and decorated further with red-coated waiters and tables loaded with pheasant in feathers and pâté on ice. I had been part of an hilarious table of Australians, but they, alas, had left at Singapore; so I had asked for and got a single banquette against the wall. At the first lunch in the China Sea a stranger, an old man, sat on the banquette beside me.

He nodded and then said, "My name is Dunn, John Dunn. Not the poet. D-u-n-n."

I made a stabbing guess. "From Florence?" I said.

The old man turned to me in sober surprise. He was a handsome man, with a rounded face, almost unlined, and properly brushed white hair. His clothes were magnificently tailored.

"I had supposed," he said, "not to be recognized in the middle of the China Sea."

"I was in Florence a couple of months ago," I said, "staying with the Whitcombs."

John Dunn picked up the menu. "I suppose they gave you an earful," he said.

"Yes. Well." I said, "it's a fascinating story."

"What you know of it," he said.

I said, "Don't I know all?"

"Not by half," he said.

He put on his glasses and applied himself to the menu, and that was the end of that conversation. He was pleasant enough; he told me that years ago he had been a regular traveller out East, but that it had been two years since he had seen Japan, and that he was out here for a "last look." He was going to Kyoto to stay with a Zen priest: "Poor man, he leads a dreary life; sits on the floor the whole time. I find it most uncomfortable. But we're old friends."

With the cheese he asked me what I did, and I told him I wrote. Without looking at me, he shook his head and said, "So unwise, so unwise. Such a give-

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Skulduggery

(Continued from page 251)

away." Then he leaned back and said, "I was after Berenson for forty years to stop writing, but he paid no attention. Well," he made a gesture with his hands and went back to his cheese, "you know what happened. . . ."

* * *

I had heard a great deal about John Dunn. He was an American, he was vastly rich, he was eighty-two years old, he was a widower, he had lived in Florence since 1909. My friends the Whitcombs had once taken me to his villa and walked me around his gardens. They were the most breathtakingly beautiful I had ever seen. "Poor old man," Ellie Whitcomb had said, "I'm afraid he's become a little senile. That's the only explanation for what happened." I nodded at the time, but now, here, on the "Madame V," it was a statement that made no sense at all. Poor old man, indeed. He was a great deal sharper than I will ever be.

The great fact about John Dunn was his collection of paintings. It was certainly the best and most brilliant in Florence, and it ranked with the first three or four in the world still in private hands. But it was not a famous collection, for it was a *private* one. The Dunn villa was not on the circuit of that gang of prying aesthetes—the writers, the museum directors, the dealers, the publishers—which makes its splendid way into every bedroom in the world that has a Renoir hanging. No. The Dunn villa was a private place and, unless you were a friend, you simply could not get in. I must not exaggerate: the really important dealers knew all about the pictures, from the rumours spread by Berenson and Duveen.

I want to tell quickly "what happened," because it was all hearsay to me; everything I knew I had heard from the Whitcombs. You remember possibly a play of some years ago called *Kind Lady*? In it a rich old woman was held prisoner by her servants who then proceeded to rob her blind. Well, with considerable variations, that is "what happened" to John Dunn.

He had been a widower for three years when one December he took off for a houseboat trip up the Nile. When he returned four months later, he had two friends with him whom he had met in Luxor—a man and his wife named Edward and Helen Sutphen. Everyone who met them agreed they were charming, quiet, and good looking: they were youngish, somewhere in their mid-thirties.

Well, the Sutphens stayed at the villa all that spring. In the summer they drove with John Dunn up into the Dolomites to avoid the heat; and in September they came back with him.

No one remarked particularly on this. But it was noticed that Helen Sutphen had taken over somewhat in the running of the villa; she redecorated—beautifully—several rooms that needed it, she kept the servants on their toes, and she invited a number of young, and amusing, people to the villa who had never been invited before. This was all to the good as far as John Dunn was concerned.

But in December the rumour got around that a picture had been sold in the Midwest out of the Dunn collection. It was variously described as being an Antonello da Messina or a Ghirlandaio, but it was generally agreed that it was a portrait of a handsome youth in a blue tunic set against a pale-green background—a highly salable picture.

Well this was news. Great news. And it was followed by more news—or more rumours—that a Poussin (or was it an early Claude Lorrain?) had also been sold. And so on and so on. For eight months the rumours flew. Of course, anything from the Dunn collection was among the desirables of the world. No one knew exactly how many pictures were sold. It was a modest number, all agreed.

Then suddenly, awfully, a bubble burst. A French dealer—and there was no doubt about this, he was French—came storming into Florence. He had a little picture, eight inches


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Skulduggery

(Continued from page 252)

square, of a bunch of anemones by Albrecht Dürer from the Dunn collection, for which he had paid a considerable amount. Only one thing was wrong. Dürer died in 1528. The canvas on which the anemones were painted had been manufactured, and this had been proved by endless tests, not earlier than 1750.

I do not know exactly the sequence of events, but I do know the police were involved. The Frenchman tried to storm the villa, but was repulsed, and went, therefore, to the police. The police were able to enter the villa, where they found John Dunn in bed, sick, almost incoherent, and the Sutphens flown.

It was a mess, but a peculiar mess. The Dunn collection was intact. Everything that had been sold from it, when the experts got to work, was found to be phony, and *not* a part of the collection. Each of the pictures sold was a pretty good forgery. John Dunn was therefore an innocent party. He had been taken, he had been had, he had probably been drugged.

* * *

That was everything I happened to know, but it seemed to me a rather spectacular "know," as we rocked in the "Madame V" across the China Sea, askew.

"Does this ship seem to tilt a bit?" Dunn said to me one day at lunch.

"A bit," I said.

Was it the third night out? We were on our way to Bangkok. I asked the old man to have a drink with me before dinner. We were now friends, in the way one is on a ship. We had swum together a half dozen times a day (the pool had been unpopulated since Singapore; we had had it almost to ourselves) we had had lunch on deck in the warm breeze, we had seen Margaret Rutherford in a mildly amusing movie, we had watched the flying fish.

Are the flying fish in the China sea common knowledge? The ones I know in the Caribbean are proper fish. They are of a certain size, you can see them fly, indeed if the worst comes to worst, you can eat them. But not the ones in the China Sea.

They must be no bigger than minnows. Let me try to remember: the sea, the green China Sea, was as flat as a sheet on a bed. The "Madame V," in her progress, was a disturbing factor. Think of this flat sea as a huge piece of graph paper; the little fish, because there was no wind to lift them up, sprayed out on it as charted lines: invisible, they left definite wakes in the water in their frantic flight. It was a graph gone mad, and very pretty.

"Come," I said to Mr. Dunn, "have a booze on me. Although why I should ask you I don't know. You're rich as Croesus, and I'm extremely poor."

"I'd love to," Mr. Dunn said.

We sat at my familiar table by the great glass window, I had a Martini, Mr. Dunn a Scotch, and the bartender his nightly anisette which he charged to me.

"How does one get rich?" I said.

Mr. Dunn considered. "By letting improvident writers like you pay for whatever," he said.

Dinner on the "Madame V" was at eight o'clock. It was only seven-thirty, so we had another drink. Some minutes later Mr. Dunn looked slyly at me, rolled his glass in his hand, and said, "I suppose you have never looked down the long alley of days and seen your eightieth birthday approaching."

"Actually," I said, "no."

"Well," he said, "you've certainly seen your thirtieth."

"Oh, yes."

"That's the worst. All is over when you're thirty. True?"

"Indeed yes."

"When you're forty, if you're wise, you get drunk. And at fifty, too. It helps those days along. Sixty is a little different."

"Tell me," I said.

"At sixty you decide to get yourself back into condition by taking calisthenics."

"And seventy?"

"You thank God."

I'm afraid I laughed.

"And at eighty," he said, "well, at eighty you're not in bad shape. You've been to Switzerland to Dr. Niehans and you've been shot full of that goat

(Continued on page 256)

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FASHION ON THE SUN AND SHIMMER THEME

Fashion details for pages 180 to 201 appear here and on the opposite page. All coiffures on these pages, by Carita, Paris.



PAGE 186
Little cholee-top, bare midriff, full skirt folded and tied. By Larry Aldrich. Ivory silk shantung by Forum. About $125. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Earrings by Jack Gilbert.



PAGE 180
High-necked ivory silk crêpe—halter dress by Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby. Sheraton-TSM fab-ic. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Castlecliff rope necklaces: Lord & Taylor. Arpad bracelets.



PAGE 187
Ivory linen Empire-waisted dress with a deep funnel collar. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Moygashel linen. About $125. Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson; Hudson's; Godchaux's; Joseph Magnin. Jack Gilbert bracelets.



PAGE 182
Ice-blue halter dress, bows down the back. By Junior Sophisticates. Onondaga silk. About $60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Joseph Warner earrings. Sandor Goldberger ring.



PAGE 187
V of straps over a bare back—ivory linen dress by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Moygashel linen. About $125. Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson; Hudson's; Godchaux's; Joseph Magnin. Bracelets by Jack Gilbert.



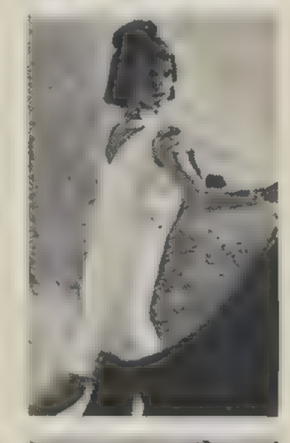
PAGE 183
Short curve of cape on a strapless dress of pailletted white wool voile. By Trigère. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Dayton's. Apex Art earrings. Ring by Jack Gilbert.



PAGE 188
Ivory shift, yoked high, slashed at the knee. By Teal Traina. Chardon-Marché silk. About $110. Jack Gilbert earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Gus Mayer; Harzfeld's. Golo sandals.



PAGE 184
Biased ivory chiffon; blowy poncho over the head. By Stavropoulos. Apex Art earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Neiman-Marcus.



PAGE 188
Dinner dress of ivory silk crêpe—shoulder bows and hem of ivory satin. By Geoffrey Beene. About $190. Castlecliff rings. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



PAGE 185
Ivory jersey evening dress, bared in back. By Malcolm Starr, of rayon jersey. About $185. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Gus Mayer; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Jack Gilbert earrings.



PAGE 189
Swing of pleats, patch pockets—ivory linen dress by Chuck Howard of Townley. About $100. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Jack Gilbert bracelet: Lord & Taylor. Golo mules.



PAGE 186
Cutaway sides and back on an ivory shantung dress by Larry Aldrich. Forum silk. About $125. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; Joseph Magnin. Jack Gilbert earrings.



PAGE 189
Big bare O cut out of ivory Moygashel linen. By B. H. Wragge. About $90. Arpad earrings. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Burdine's; I. Magnin.

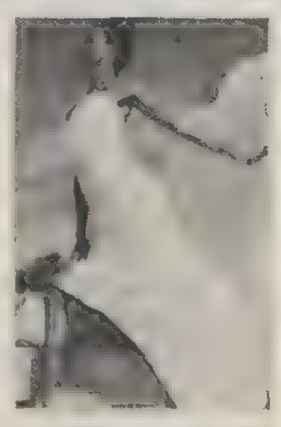
PAGE 189
Laced V-neck on a shaped dress of ivory Moygashel linen. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. About $55. Jack Gilbert earrings. All: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 189
High-waisted dress in ivory wool; neck V'd, front zipped. With a matching stole. By Ben Barrack. Hockanum wool, loomed in America. About $80. Jack Gilbert necklaces. All: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Hovland-Swanson.



PAGE 190
Halter-top wrap of biased ivory wool crêpe, trailing to an asymmetric hem. By Charles Kleibacker. Bianchini wool. Robert Originals earrings. All: Henri Bendel. Rings by Cis.



PAGE 191
Pink crêpe on the bias—halter blouson, curve of skirt, asymmetric hemline. By Donald Brooks. Bianchini silk. About $185. Jack Gilbert earrings. Castlecliff ring. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Harzfeld's; Sakowitz.



PAGE 192
Asymmetric hemline on an ivory linen evening dress. By Adele Simpson. About $185. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Apex Art earrings: Altman's. Hairpiece by Reid-Meredith.



PAGE 193
Tricolour linen—layers of pink, pale blue, bright violet to the knee. Not shown: a matching stole. By Abe Schrader. Moygashel linen. About $65. Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Wm. H. Block; Battelstein's; J. W. Robinson. Earrings by Castlecliff.



PAGE 194
Cutouts of bareness from Grès — beige and blue Fibranne; worn over tiny bikini pants. Fabric by Staron. Copy by Bonwit Teller. Also at Hutzler's. Earrings by Coppola & Toppo. Hairpiece by Reid-Meredith.



PAGE 195
Transparent handkerchief-dress, gilded and silvered. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture, of Mylar and nylon. About $70. Pearly ropes in the hair: Marvella. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Rich's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hairpiece by Reid-Meredith.



PAGE 196
Tango-length organza; geometrics in red and tawny oranges. By Mollie Parnis. Onondaga silk. Jack Gilbert bracelets. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Hairpiece by Reid-Meredith.



PAGE 197
Vivid geometrics on a narrow little dress of saffron silk surah. We added the fling of scarf. By Nat Kaplan. About $90. Saks Fifth Aveune; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.



PAGE 198
Spangled gold Empire dress by Anne Fogarty. Of crocheted rayon and cotton. About $135. Castlecliff earrings. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Hudson's.



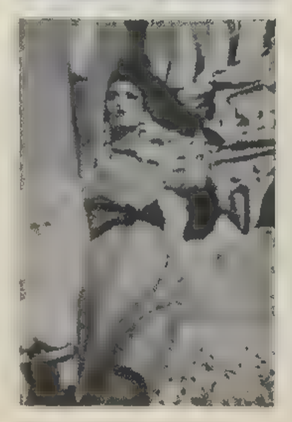
PAGE 199
Transparent dress of gilded ivory lace, cut out in back. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Whelan cotton lace. Apex Art earrings. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Frost Bros.



PAGE 200
Little tube of ivory linen hung from criss-crossed straps. By B. H. Wragge. Moygashel linen. About $90. Napier earrings. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Burdine's, I. Magnin. Carita scarf turban.



PAGE 201
Cutaway dress of tangerine linen rimmed in black grosgrain ribbon. By Saint Laurent. Etienne linen. Copies at Macy's. Arpad earrings, bracelet. Carita scarf turban.



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People Are Talking About . . .

(Continued from page 218)

where the most controversial work is a cooperative painting by Aillaud, Arroyo, and Recalcati in eight panels, called "Live and Let Die," showing the arrival of these three young painters at the house of Marcel Duchamp, then their strangling Duchamp, their throwing the naked corpse down a staircase (a direct reference to Duchamp's most famous painting, "Nude Descending a Staircase"), and finally the burial of the body with the coffin carried by, among other artists, Rauschenberg, Tinguely, and Warhol.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new paperback book, *French Cooking by the Clock,* by William and Chesbrough Rayner who have assembled this special little book with the greatest care, giving necessary and minute directions as though they were diagramming open-heart surgery. . . . The odd but original conception of using effective electronic music by Morton Subotnick, whose score of cheeps, bongs, and cracklings sometimes sounds rather like tuned radiators with the steam coming through, as background obbligato to the play, *Danton's Death,* set in 1794, at The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Michelangelo Pistoletto whose large, shining, polished metal flats, each with a figure or two in profile at the side, allow spectators' reflections to complete by chance his carefully worked-out compositions. . . . The book, *A Gift of Laughter,* by Allan Sherman, the lyricist of *My Son, the Folk Singer,* the lyrics including the extraordinarily acute line, "He was trampling through the warehouse where the drapes of Roth are stored," and who has now written a saga of his life out of the wilderness of comparative poverty into riches, inserting into the account a mass of information about the peculiar ways of television and record companies: " . . . Don took me to meet Bill Gavin. Bill Gavin puts out a weekly four-page mimeographed tip sheet called *Bill Gavin's Record Report,* and all the Top 40 stations and all the record companies buy it for $120 a year. Gavin handicaps records the way they handicap horses in the *Racing Form.* So I expected to meet a sharp character in a raw-silk Italian suit, wearing pointed shoes and a slim tie. A swinger. But I found him to be a tall and dignified man, simple of manner and for all the world like a rugged, square, down-to-earth Iowa farmer, and his wife is a fine, upstanding, respectable woman. All day long they listen to records, making the decisions, 'This will be a hit,' 'This will not be a hit,' and this $800 million industry accepts their judgments as infallible."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, Peter's, a lacquered restaurant in the King's Road, where some of the younger brights go. . . . The book of photographs, *A Box of Pin-ups,* by David Bailey with captions by Francis Wyndham, the whole emphasizing the transience of the pop famous of 1965; one critic called the book, "splendid, harsh, clever, complete, reeking of golden decay until one feels, looking at it, spiritually destitute."

Skulduggery

(Continued from page 253)

blood or whatever it is, just like the Pope, and you feel really quite well, but you're *eighty,* face it, and you haven't more than twenty or twenty-five years to live. A death sentence."

"Yes," I said, "but we all have this."

"We don't *like* it, do we?" he said.

I leaned back in my chair and said, "I thought you weren't supposed to drink if you went to Niehans."

"That's what he says." Mr. Dunn raised his glass to the bartender and said, "I'll have another. They're very small."

* * *

In Bangkok we did the usual things. We paddled around in a boat and saw those pretty, *pretty* temples and went into a silk shop run by some American. Mr. Dunn bought ten yards of the magnificent Thai silk.

"Will that be enough to make a dress?" he asked.

"I don't know." I said. "It depends on whom it's for."

"It's a woman called Helen Sutphen. I don't think you know her."

"No, I don't," I said.

* * *

In that part of the China Sea which lies between Thailand and Hong Kong, we ran into a considerable storm. I was not at all surprised to find that "Madame V" took to it gracefully. She straightened up, put away the bottle, never rolled once, and pitched only when the waves made it necessary. Still, in the smoking room, we had to hold on to the coffee cups to keep them from sliding. It was a storm.

The first night, after some other conversation, Mr. Dunn said, "The thing about being eighty is that everybody is dead. I mean those people who called me Jack or kid or you dirty son-of-a-bitch. Nobody calls me a son-of-a-bitch any more."

"You son-of-a-bitch," I said, "why not?"

"Because they're dead," he said. "At eighty, you want someone to treat you as a contemporary. That's the explanation of the Sutphens. You've heard

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about them?"

"Oh yes," I said.

"They never treated me as a fragile old antique. The first night I ever sat down to talk with them I said something pontifical about Ikhnaton—do you know who that was?"

"Actually, I do."

"Well. I can become pontifical with great ease. And Helen, without turning a hair, said, 'That is utter crap.' Oh, how long, how long, since anyone had spoken to me that way. I was enchanted."

"So you took them to your bosom," I said. "But what could you have said about Ikhnaton?

"I don't remember. Cocktail talk. But that's not the point."

At that moment we had to grab the coffee cups. "Cocktail talk about Ikhnaton," I said. "Good God. Look," I said, "what I want to know is the real right story about those phony pictures that got splattered all over the world. Who are these Sutphens, and no kidding?"

Mr. Dunn smiled a secret, eighty-year-old smile and made a provoking sound in his throat. "Some other time," he said. "Not now."

* * *

The pages I have written on Mr. Dunn have been taken, almost word for word, from the notes I made in Florence and on the ship. Like all notes made while travelling, at least by me, they tend to be merely factual. It is only now, back in the contemplative atmosphere of New York, that I realize I have left out a great deal.

Mr. Dunn was a complex man: in eighty years, given proper circumstances, you can develop complexity.

In the first place, he was not an expatriate dilettante; he was a man of large affairs, the head of great corporations and foundations dedicated to the promotion of trade and amiability between America and Italy.

When I asked him one day how to make money, he said, "Oh, inherit it. Inherit it. The only way." He also said, "Anyone in the world can make a great deal of money and find himself respected, except a writer. A writer who makes a great deal of money is ridiculous."

The thing I know I have made clear: the old man now was never "serious." At eighty, his view of the world, which had certainly been one of earnest endeavour, had changed. Not changed, developed. It must always have been there, the taste for pleasure, witness his pictures, his gardens, his villa. But in his prime, it had been an after-dinner concern; now it was an all-day business. But this is the point: his "lightness" was always conditioned by his former "seriousness." Although he gambled, he held the cards. He was no tittering old kept man, kept by a trust fund.

And then there was Time. Time was the enemy, the fury, the explanation. At all costs, he had decided to grasp the moment. There were only twenty or twenty-five years left. The hell with the business of the world. Let's have another bottle of that excellent Dom Pérignon, of which the "Madame V" seemed to have an endless supply, and let's enjoy the view.

I do not doubt I am making much of this up. You always do about other people. But it is a help to me in trying to understand what happened.

* * *

When we had passed the tip of Vietnam, the storm subsided, and the weather was good enough for us to have water in the swimming pool again. In the hot forenoon the old man and I were in it, holding on to the side, talking; I, ever hopeful, was telling him how much I really knew about art. To buttress a point, I mentioned that I had once been a pupil of Charles Morey, who was, I suppose, the most brilliant man I have ever known.

Mr. Dunn said, "He was the most brilliant man I have ever known!"

I said, "We had a list, in school, of the people we most admired. Morey, Toscanini, and God, in that order."

Mr. Dunn smiled. "I recognize the schoolboy humour. It's so funny at the time, isn't it; although in this case I'd rather be inclined to agree. You're a little lenient with God, maybe.

(Continued on page 258)

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Skulduggery

(Continued from page 257)

I think I'd substitute Fra Angelico."

"That," I said, "is because you have ten of them."

"Not at all. I have fourteen."

I shook my head. "If I ever come to Florence when you are there, will you let me in to look at your pictures?"

He made a sound which I can only say expressed hesitancy.

"If I treat you as a contemporary," I said, "and hurl insults at your butler, and throw garbage on your doorstep, what then?"

"You would interest me."

We had lunch under an awning on deck; I remember we ate sections of the best papaya I have ever tasted in my life, which had been put on the ship at Singapore.

"You are obviously no gentleman," Mr. Dunn said. "Writers are never gentlemen. Your curiosity about my private life is nothing short of unseemly."

"Yes," I said, "and you're right. I'm strictly backstairs."

"Now, you realize that whatever I tell you, I will deny. And be believed. Because, of course, I am many times a millionaire, and you are really quite poor."

I said, "But I am ambitious. And stop wolfing your papaya. No one will snatch a papaya from a millionaire."

"But I'm busting to tell someone," he said with his mouth full. "The Sutphens were such charmers. Naturally, they were also adventurers. Do you know what that word means?"

"Of course I do. My grandmother used to apply it to people who played cards on Sunday —without having the money."

"Exactly. Well. The Sutphens both had good clothes and good manners, and she had some impressive jewels that didn't cost very much. Aquamarines, you know. I don't believe they had five hundred dollars between them when we met. In any case, it was love at first sight, on my part."

"And on theirs?"

"I believe so. Love, and other things."

"But the pictures?" I said.

"The pictures, yes. But the laughter. I laughed so I fell down on sofas and gasped for breath. I hadn't laughed that way since I was twenty."

Now I understood every thing. I said, "But the pictures?"

"It was a kind of life that a decent working man like me had never been exposed to. My wife was a perfectly good woman, and competent in her Boston way, but she had no flair. I loved her, I remember that. But we read books for forty years."

"The pictures," I said.

"Well. One day the Sutphens and I were in Bologna, driving back from somewhere, and in a shop they found an old and dirty head of a young man, painted on leather. They bought it for thirty dollars, I think, or thirty-five. When we got back to Florence, I had my restorer work on it—clean it and take off the overpainting—and it turned out quite well. It didn't look too unlike an Antonello da Massina that's in the National Gallery in London. And who knows, it may be an Antonello."

"And?"

"Helen had the idea they should sell it. And, perfectly sensibly, the idea that if it had my seal on it—that is, of coming from my collection—it might fetch more money. Well you can't refuse dear friends a request like that."

"And?"

"They sold it. And my word, for really an enormous amount of money. I was appalled."

"But there were others?"

The papaya was now removed, and we were given cold chicken from Bresse with foie gras and a salad.

"I am afraid," Mr. Dunn said, "the others were rather my fault. I wished to give my friends a stake. In Naples I found a really quite bad imitation of a Poussin, which I took home and had tarted up by my restorer, and then set in an authentic frame and stamped with my seal."

"And it sold?"

"Indeed it did. The Sutphens wanted to stop there, and of course they were right. They had more money than they had ever dreamed of; but I wouldn't listen. I was greedy. And fascinated. So I went on and on."



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"Too far?"

"Too far, indeed. I was too sure of my position."

I said, "But when the break came, and the heavens opened, how did you know in time to get your friends away?"

"My dear fellow," Mr. Dunn said. "I have lived in Florence a long time. I have my people everywhere. Especially in the police department. We had a day's notice."

"But couldn't these Sutphens have been stopped at the border?"

Mr. Dunn looked at me and smiled a really quite insulting smile. "I forgot you are so poor and honest," he said. "People of a certain class," he went on, "have more than one passport and more than one name. The Sutphens, believe me, had no trouble leaving Italy."

"So," I said, "you had no moral feeling about this whole . . . what shall I call it? Operation?"

Mr. Dunn said, "I never bought a picture in my life that I didn't love. But for most people nowadays that is not the case. They buy names, only names. So if it is a name you want, what does the picture matter?"

"This seems a rather specious argument."

"Not if you can get away with it."

I felt I was out of my depth. So I attacked the chicken, which at least was familiar, and good. I remembered the innocent days on the "Madame V" when we were in the Indian Ocean and I had had no one to cope with but my Austrian friend. I looked up. The sea was calm and we were listing a little. I took a deep breath.

"I heard," I said, "that when the police broke into your villa, you were in bad shape."

"Not really," Mr. Dunn said. "You see, before the Sutphens left, they had given me a couple of capsules of Librium. You know that drug? It can quite knock you out, it can. . . ." He stopped then and frowned. I thought suddenly, has he told me something he didn't mean to tell me? Is this the only true word?

But I said, "And that's the end?"

"That's the end," Mr. Dunn said, "the lonely, lonely end."

Oh, the blue of the day we arrived in Hong Kong. By the time I got on deck, we were quite near the island, surrounded by fishing junks with their fashionable sails spread, in a blue sea with a blue sky overhead. "Madame V's" behaviour was flawless; straight up, aristocratic, she never hesitated at any turn. We slid past the green promontory of Shek-O with its pretty houses: "Look, you see there, just to the left of the tower, that's where we live." We passed into the channel and then in a moment—I suppose it was an hour—we came out into that most gracious harbour in the world, Hong Kong. And all blue, all blue.

I had to desert Mr. Dunn the first night—"Madame V" stayed in Hong Kong two days—because some old friends met me and took me out to their place in Repulse Bay. But the second night I gave a dinner party for us all at Jimmy's Kitchen—what food: oysters flown from Australia, beef flown from Kobe, vegetables smuggled from China—and afterwards I went with him across to Kowloon on the Star Ferry and then over to the Sea Terminal where the "Madame V" lay. We walked on the pier beside the big white ship for a while, saying those things that people who have already parted always say: "Wasn't it fun?" and nothing much else until the last moment, when he had already shaken my hand and started up the gangway. Then he turned and said:

"You didn't take seriously that story I told you about going to Japan to sit on the floor with some dreary Zen priest, did you?"

"I had," I said.

He shut his eyes. "Never send me the books you have written. They must be totally lacking in imagination. I am going to Japan to meet the Sutphens. They tell me they have found the most enchanting hotel, in Hakone, called the Fujiya."

I spread my hands. "But I am going to Japan in a month, and I will certainly be in Ha-

(Continued on page 262)



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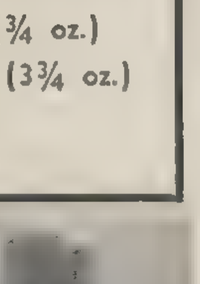
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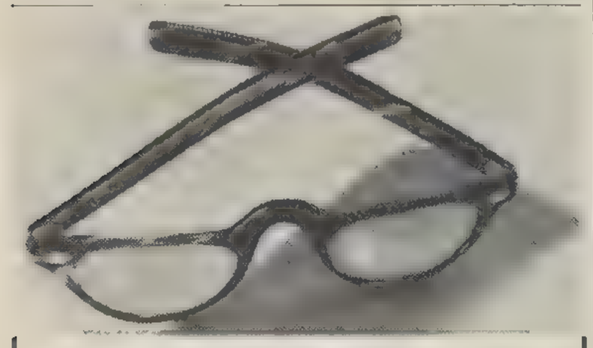


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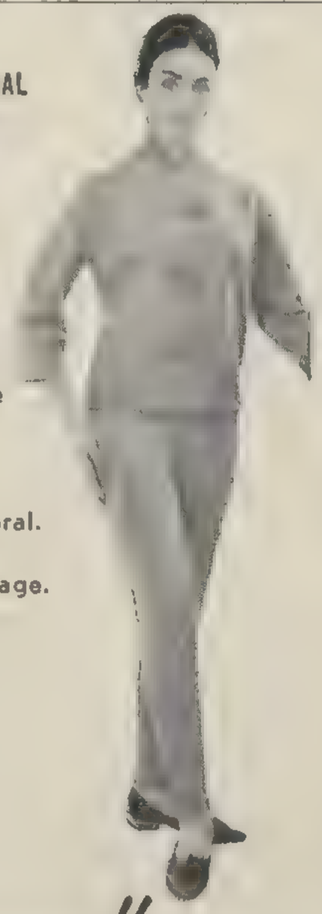
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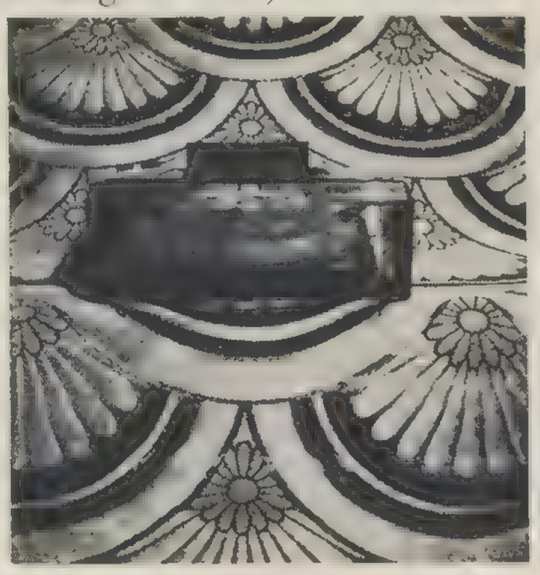
VOGUE'S

Gifts for the house lights to shine on



A potpourri of Christmas ideas for the house—to have, to give.

Above: Scoop Seat. . . . Bright polka dots à go go and a new design idea for a small chair —weighs two pounds, will not flag at supporting five hundred. It's made of a single sheet of laminated solid fibre, plastic-coated, and, not surprisingly, waterproof. Giant blue, green, or red dots on white chair. $6 at Bloomingdale's, 59th St. and Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10022.



Above: Tortoise-type Box. . . . Humidor of fake tortoiseshell to keep precious cigars fresh for months—there's a sponge inside the top. $5, at Alfred Dunhill, 620 5th Ave., N. Y. 10020. Under the box, obi cloth patterned with imperial chrysanthemums—to make divine pillows or an evening bag? 29″ wide, $15 yd., Through Far Eastern Fabrics, 171 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10016.



Below: Traveller's Scale. . . . Precision-made, four-pound Hanson scale—to check possible hazards of Paris pâté, Teheran caviar. Double-handled case; brown twill with tan, or grey with black. 10″ x 10½″ overall. $16.95 at T. Anthony, 772 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10021. Behind it another weight watcher . . . a rattan hamper that a bird could carry empty by its handles. Totes a normal suitcase load. 14″ x 20″ x 8″, $5.50 at Azuma, 666 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. 10022.

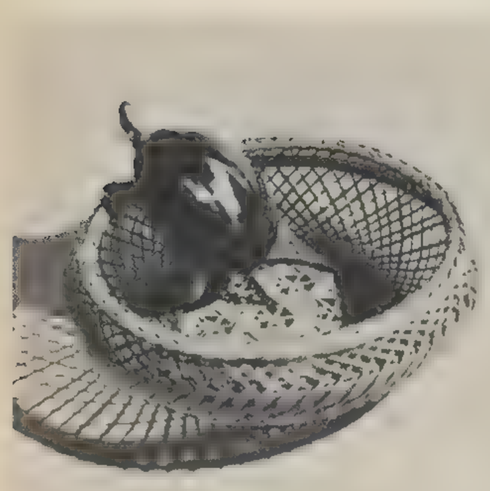


Below: A Crystal Palace. . . . Clumps of sparkling rock crystal can be used with flowers as a centrepiece like edelweiss on a glacier; massed on a table; or, as here, plumped into a basket. The use of semiprecious stones —as objets—in rough, uncut state is decorating news. Here, three clumps, $10 ea., Walker's Minerals, 799 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10021. Oval potato basket, $1.59 the set of 3. Kessler Bros., 260 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10021.

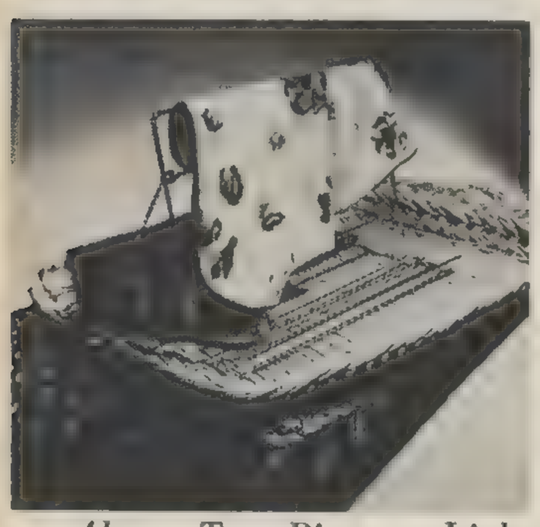


Left: More Crystal Looks. . . . Lucite frames for snapshots; pictures slide in and out, can change more often than the movies. 3½″ x 3½″, $3.50; 5″ x 7″, $5.50; 8″ x 10″, $8.50, all at The Jansen Shop, 42 East 57 St., N. Y. 10022. Crystal owl paperweight, $7. Designed For Living, 131 East 57 St., N. Y.

SHOP HOUND



Above: Tortoise Turned Turtle. . . . Gold plated brass table bell pretends to be a turtle wearing a mock tortoise shell. Touch its head or tail to sound the musical bell. $30 at Boutique Caprice, 22 Village Square, Baltimore, Md. The lacy round basket, sometime turtle nest. is actually one of four nesting baskets to hold bread, fruit, cheeses, match folders, packs of cigarettes. $5.79 the set; diam. 8″, 9″. 10″. 11″. Kessler Bros., 260 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10001.



Above: Tray Bien. . . . Light wicker tray 18″ x 13″ x 2½″, for breakfast or books consumed in bed, $2.50, Azuma, 666 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10021. The folding brass rack will hold open the more ponderous volumes, $6, Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10017. Breakfast-in-bed bib of French anemone-printed linen; red piping and ties. $4.50, Porthault, 55 East 57 St., N. Y. 10021.



DAVID MASSEY

Below: Baskets in Bloom. . . . We love the idea of beautiful flowers, real or unreal, placed, as though fresh cut, in little baskets. This, a new one inspired by a country apple basket; natural, red, pink, yellow, or green, $.89, Kessler Bros., 260 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10001. The spritz of superb silk flowers is all pinks and lavender with green velvet leaves. $43.50, Flowers 'n Things, 243 East 60 St., N. Y.



Below: Open Hearth Grill. . . . Farberware's new little Open Hearth Electric Broiler produces a smashing dinner for two; a mixed grill, or a steak, or four lamb chops *without smoke or spatter*. Made of stainless steel; comes apart; washes in a flash. The detachable coil is self-cleaning. Circulating air, slow even heat mean good moist meat. Broiling surface is 8½″ x 12″. $17.50. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57 St., N. Y. 10021.



Left: Gourmet's Curry. . . . A great curry powder blended by Haas Pharmacy, 812 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10021, is $2 for 4 oz., $3.50, 8 oz., $6.50 a lb. The lacquered papier mâché mortar and pestle from India is blue and gold, $24.35, Sona, 11 East 55 St., N. Y. 10021. Wicker tray, $7, Kessler Bros., 260 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10001.

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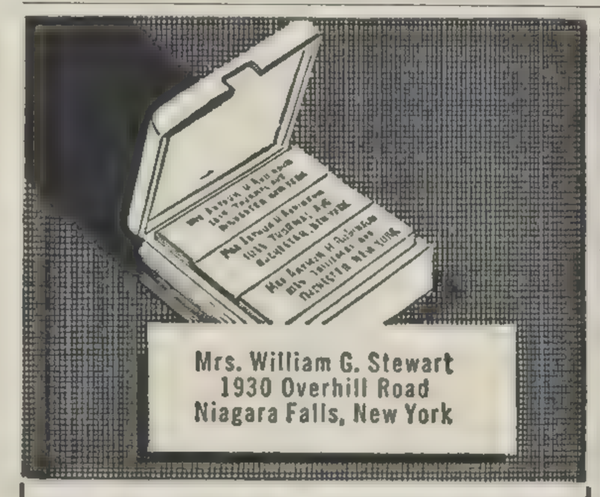
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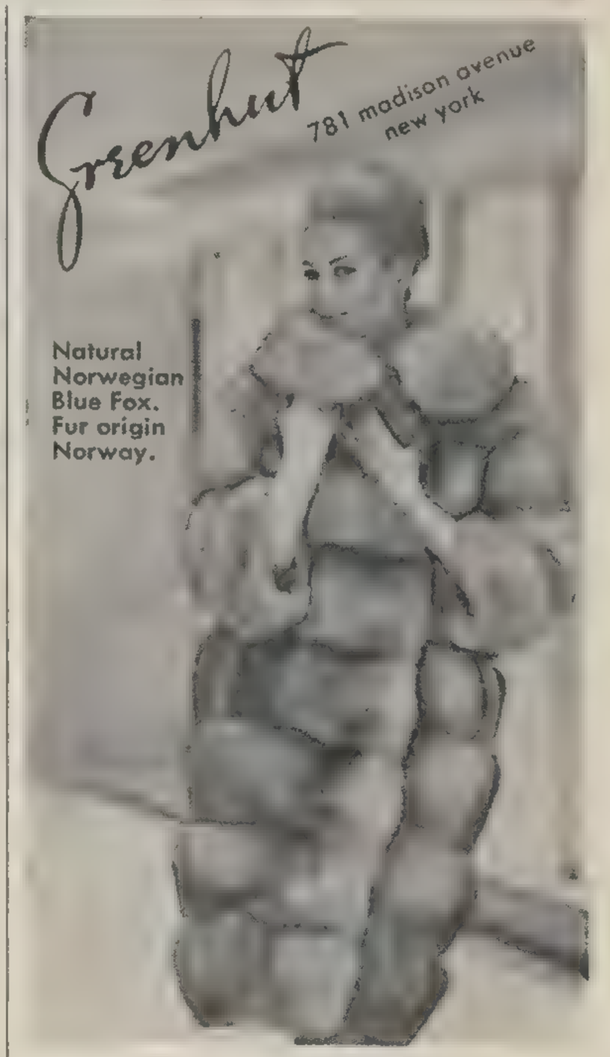
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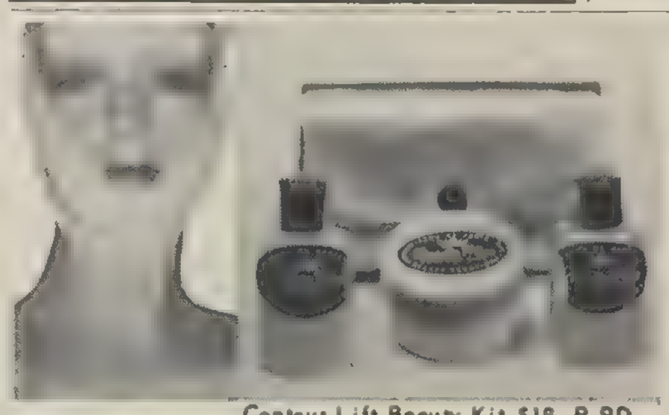


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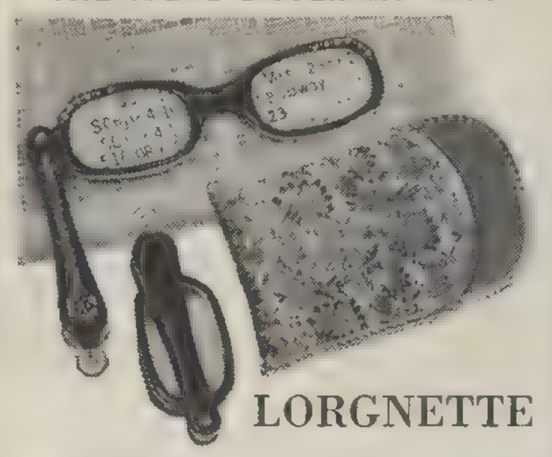
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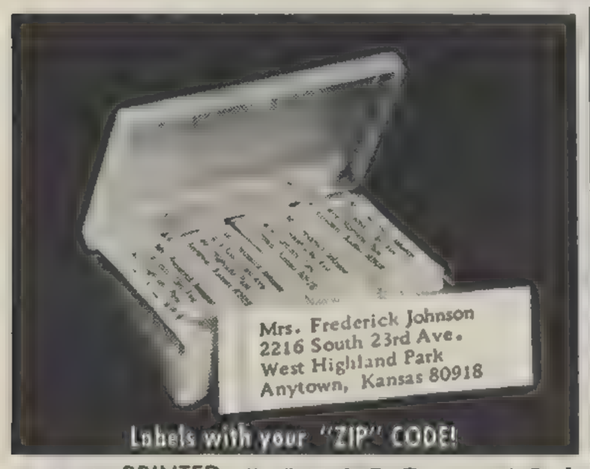
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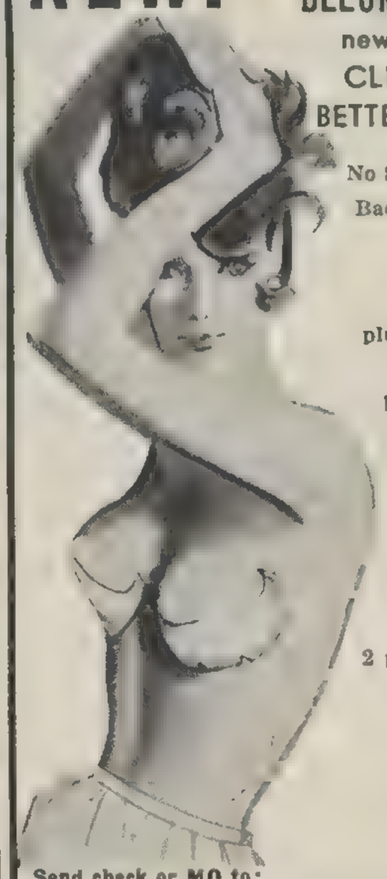
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Skulduggery

(Continued from page 259)

kone. We can meet."

He turned. Did I hear correctly what he said? I think so. It was, "Take your chances. . . ."

The next day I lunched on the roof of the Mandarin Hotel, which commands a view of all the harbour. At two o'clock I got up and stood before one of the great windows. The "Madame V" sailed at two: she was exactly on time.

She backed out of her dock at the Sea Terminal, then slowly pointed herself in the right direction. She had, of course, to make her way around that jutting tongue of Kowloon on which stands the Peninsula Hotel. I watched. It is a port turn. "Madame V" did not disappoint me.

She banked.

Oh "Madame V," "Madame V." When will I see you again?

Match me such marvel!

(Continued from page 180)

tecture, its mosaics, cuisine, or brocades. . . .

Damascus, the fountained city, breathing apricots and roses, those "damask" roses of poetry, and encircled by the green oasis of Ghuta: The desert dwellers believe this was the Garden of Eden and, no doubt, coming in from the fiery sands, it seemed such. Mohammed gazed on Damascus from afar, hailed it as Paradise on earth, and refused to enter, lest he anticipate Allah's promised bliss.

Yet, I would give all of this for one desert landscape: Wadi Rum, Valley of the Moon, the most entirely beautiful place I have ever seen, my own Paradise, lost in the rock and sand wastes of Jordan's southern deserts—journey's end. Here the gigantic cliffs and golden horizons are brought into sharper focus by the foreground of the rare Bedawin who live thereabouts, following their traditional pattern of desert life. Even their speech retains an archaic cadence. . . . Some of them have lingered, sampling our cigarettes. They must be moving on, for it is another seven miles to the little fort where their black tents are gathered. The camels lumber to their feet groaning. "We go," says a Bedawi majestically, "for the sun has passed us on his march." And I watch them as they move off, pygmy cavalcade, beneath the immensity of rock and sky around them.

* * *

Since air travel has enabled travellers to race the sun, and brought the Middle East to Europe's doorstep, this part of the world has been rather bypassed. Tourist hordes sweep further and further afield, out after mileage rather than memories. Thus the Middle East retains much of the particular flavour which enraptured so many earlier travellers, and enables us still to see costumes and customs unvitiated by modernization.

The souks of Aleppo, held to be the best in the world and too narrow to permit the passage of the lorries and motorcycles that rage up and down "The Street Called Straight" (which runs through the heart of the great Damascus souks), still present their immemorial aspect, with turbanned or fezzed figures sitting at languid ease in their booths.

An enigmatic bundle of black veils may conceal some local beauty: The flash of gold brocade—unlikely costume, stiff as an Infanta's gown—is worn by a woman from the eastern desert. The men's baggy pantaloons, with their curious rear pouch, are said to derive from the belief that the Messiah, on his second coming, will be born of man; this pouch is in readiness to receive him.

To journey in this part of the world is to travel in marvellous company, for the Middle East has inspired many writers to their best work, led many travellers to their hearts' desires. Each turn of the road evokes their echoes: Lamartine and Loti, supreme romantics. Charles Doughty, battling to render Arabic lore in Chaucerian Eng-

Match me such marvel!

(Continued from page 262)

lish. Sir Richard Burton making the desert crossing to Mecca with two hundred and fifty miles between the wells, and each man carrying his shroud. (Today's pilgrims often go by air-conditioned coach, and who can blame them?) Wilfred Thesiger with the Marsh Arabs. Kinglake calling on Lady Hester Stanhope, self-appointed Prophetess in her Lebanon fastness. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt married to Byron's granddaughter, and abandoning literature and diplomacy to perfect the breed of Arab horses.

Lady Ellenborough, irresistible and adventurous, seeking archaeology and finding love, riding towards Jerusalem "to complete the absurdities, in a crimson velvet pelisse." Gertrude Bell and Freya Stark beside the Tigris, mastering Arabic in their eastward stride. Greatest of all, Lawrence of Arabia, sweeping across the desert at the head of his Arab Legions, towards victory and betrayal. . . . Another Arabisant, almost forgotten now, the young Swiss, John Burckhardt, in 1812, passing as an Arab, rediscovered Petra, where the rock palaces and tombs are chunked from towering sandstone cliffs veined violet, amber, and rose. Edward Lear's cook, Giorgio, given to culinary similes remarked, "O master! we have come into a world where all is chocolate, curry, and ham."

Petra provides one of the world's greatest *coups de théâtre;* it has a dramatic element suited to the Tragic Muse. By this I do not suggest a chic drama or music festival, as at Baalbek which for all its beauty and history is curiously mondaine. Perhaps Baalbek's smiling landscape and its accessibility have softened its impact.

Petra is awesome, as if its genius loci wished it to remain inviolate for further ages, and it is with a sense of trespass that we penetrate es Siq, a chasm threading between rock walls made by Moses's rod, says a legend, where only a slit of sky shows far above, and no bird sings.

When at last the chasm opens, flowering suddenly into the crimson splendour of Pharaoh's Treasury (its ornate facade said to be as high as that of St. Paul's Cathedral), the red stones still seem to reek of the sacrifices Baal exacted; and all the evocations of pomp, of the courtiers and generals, the trains of merchandise: pearls from Arabian seas and silks from Cathay, glories which the Nabatean empire commanded, are overcome. Here tourist and archaeologist alike are silenced.

Since I must confess to being rather fainthearted about ruins, I soon press on, through country where Joseph was sold into bondage and where the Queen of Sheba passed, along the Desert Road to Aqaba, Jordan's only sea outlet, a tiny, toylike port on the Red Sea. Aqaba's charm lies in its freshness, its unpretentiousness, its perfect palm-fringed sands backed by the russet mountains of the Saudi Arabian border. Across the Gulf, westward: Egypt, and the mountains of the Sinai Peninsula. These, like the mahouns riding at anchor, impart the flavour of some old-fashioned adventure story, smugglers, Sinbad and Jules Verne combined. Here fishermen crowd the cafés and the Bedawin come to buy rope, goat's-hair tenting, and rare luxuries: their curious, velvet-trimmed sheepskin winter mantles, sugar, rice, tea. . . .

No Bedawi will allow you to pass his tent without offering you coffee, the sharp black aromatic kind that makes all others seem insipid. Hospitality is a sacred part of the Bedawin code. Yet to heat this brew requires a quarter of an acre of scrub vegetation, so sparse is fuel hereabouts. Thus, this small fire represents a lavish outlay of material and effort. Nevertheless, the three thimble cups of tradition will always be proffered: the first for the guest; the second

(Continued on page 267)

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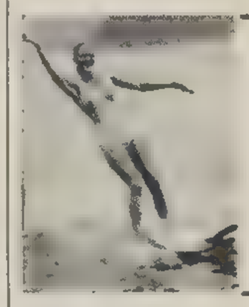
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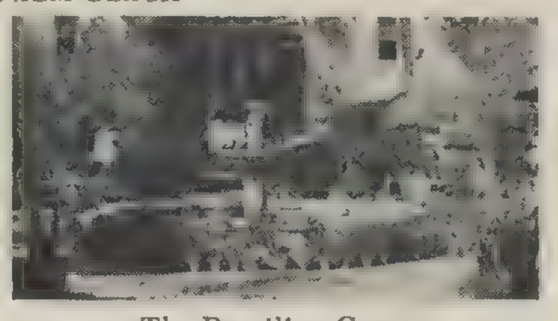
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(Continued from page 263)

for the encounter; the third must be refused—it is the elegant signal for departure. (Would we had this technique for lingering guests!) Were the third accepted, it would imply you stayed to pick a quarrel, and, traditionally, every lean brown hand would close over a dagger.

The young King Hussein of Jordan understands the Bedawin's needs, and he battles to reconcile them to the advancement, agricultural and industrial, of his country. This man holds a unique position in the Middle East ferment, for he is honoured by all nations and creeds there, acknowledged to be as incorruptible as he is courageous. A generalization on North Africa goes: Morocco the Warrior, Algeria the Man, Tunis the Woman. One might paraphrase it as: Lebanon the Banker, Syria the Farmer, and Jordan the Builder, struggling to build up its future, often against great odds. The people of Jordan have a simplicity, a warmth which is quite unspoiled. As their country is still comparatively off the beaten track, they have not yet learned about exploiting visitors, and display a touching sincerity in their wish to please.

I hesitate to extoll one country above another, for in this part of the world each offers so much; the choice must remain personal. And then, like Gautier's Spanish inn (or love, cynics might say), in each you will find what you bring to it. No doubt, financiers will choose Beirut, where it is proudly said that ninety-one branches of the 143 world banks thrive, and prosperity is spelled by bumper-to-bumper cars and a belt of skyscraper apartment houses topped by forests of TV antennae spreading inland over the lyrical countryside of the Anti-Lebanon.

Archaeologists, historians, and ethnographers will play off other riches: The hunting pavilions of the Omayyad caliphs east of Amman (once the original city of Philadelphia) against the curious beehive villages near Aleppo; the Roman ruins of Jerash, or the waterwheels of Hama. Or Maaloula, where a population as embedded in tradition as its Greek Catholic monasteries are embedded in the rocks has preserved the ancient Aramaic language. Once the lingua franca of the Middle East, it was probably the tongue in which Jesus spoke to the people. Here, Byzantine remains and Islamic ruins can be weighed against Crusaders' castles. Turret and battlement still stand, memorials to that band of escapists—or so they have always seemed to me—bigotted interlopers, austere killjoys, who in the name of their religion contrived to be off indulging a juvenile craving for adventure, abandoning responsibilities and neglecting their wives, taking a most un-Christian delight in sacking, smashing, and grabbing on their eastward march.

This, I know, is not the orthodox view: I found that out long ago, at school, when I ventured an essay vaunting Saladin over Richard Coeur-de-Lion, the fourth form's hero, and I can envisage the letters I shall receive, now, from outraged readers. Unrepentant and still unorthodox, I wish to admit my fondness for a new and controversial building, topping one of Amman's seven hills. This is the Mosque of Ashrafieh, or Abu-Darwish, which is unlikely to charm classicists. In it are the refulgent fantasy and colour of some rich cake dreamed up by a greedy child. Desirable and single-minded in its aim to please, it has a joyous, inviting quality absent from too many places of worship. It must be viewed with the innocent eye of faith: the faith of patron and architects who conceived it together in terms of exuberant fervour rather than prudence.

There can be no two minds, however, about the great buildings of Jordan Jerusalem, where every traveller goes to marvel, and some to pray. Many creeds and nations mingle here, loaded with souvenirs, hung with cameras, snap-happy along the Via Dolorosa. Among them: straggling groups of gypsy-like figures, Moslems from the Punjab, Afghans, and Kashmiri, for Jerusalem is especially holy ground for Islamites, too. Those who perform the hadj to Mecca are enjoined to visit the Dome of the Rock (lieu of Abraham's sacrifice), also called the Koubbah es Sakhra, where Mohammed is believed to have paused while soaring to Paradise on his marvellous winged horse.

Hard by the brilliant emerald-and-turquoise-tiled octagon that is now the Dome of the Rock: the Wailing Wall, slab upon slab of history—Solomon, Herod, Hadrian, and Suleiman all left their mark here. The most extraordinary of all Jerusalem's revelations remains Golgotha, the mount of the Crucifixion. I sought it outside the city's walls, but found it inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, encompassed by a small chapel. To reach the mound, to see the sockets where the Cross was placed, visitors must climb thirteen stairs.

Biblical associations rise in Jordan: Bethlehem, Jordan River where Jesus was baptized, the humped mountains of the Moabites. Jericho (which Mark Antony offered to Cleopatra) is a smiling little oasis beside its Walls and backed by the Mount of Temptation. Nearby, there is one of the many overflowing camps, or settlements, for Palestinian Arab refugees, displaced persons eking out existence on U.N.R.W.A. rations and what employment they can obtain.

Across the plain from Jericho a blue haze proclaims the Dead Sea, where Lot's wife met her doom and, in 1947, the Scrolls were found nearby. But however much a giant hotel and "The Dead Sea Casino, Night Club, and Attractions" set out to divert, a glowering air pervades the beautiful, if salty, scene.

The Middle East offers all climates, all scenes. Skiing in the Lebanon, water-skiing on the Red Sea, the phantoms of Petra, the nightclubs of Beirut, Druse vineyards, Greek temples, black tents, Saladin's tomb, the Krak des Chevaliers, the deserts of Wadi Rum . . . Ah! Match me such marvel. . . .





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Line on Lingerie

At-home clothes: entertaining by moonlight

This month, consider—as have the makers of lingerie—the delicious self-indulgence of fashion that never goes out, dazzles just for the pleasure of a few friends and festive evenings at home. . . . A dress like a ribbon of moonlight, for instance, is of pale bias-cut pink jersey, shimmered with silvery threads, and floor-length. It has a narrow funnel collar, belled raglan sleeves to the elbow; zips up the back. By Ruth Bekker for Chezelle, in Mylar bonded on acetate jersey. Costs $30 at Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Boston.

Culottes— colour them vivid

We love the easy flow of culottes at home—they sit well, move beautifully . . . look particularly gay in a brilliant geometric print of green, yellow, two blues on white. The scene of this blaze: long, flaring surah culottes with a wraparound bodice that bares a deep V-décolletage, and cuffed dolman sleeves past the elbow. By Hollywood Vassarette, of Arnel surah. $25 at Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott. . . . In a print with art-nouveau leanings, sleeveless culottes in shock-pink and vibrant green, gathered on a curved yoke in front, plunged to the waist in back; pants swirled to the ankle. By Beverly Vogue (no connection with Vogue magazine), in tricot of Caprolan nylon. $13 at Altman's; Joseph Magnin.

Repeat performance in jersey and braid

Sleeved, slim as a cigarette, scrolled in braid—this is jersey in such good shape that it bears repeating. . . . First, a black ankle-length dress with scrolled ivory braid running along the front zipper. The sleeves are long and slender, and there are walking-slits at the ankle in front. . . . Same line of jersey for an ivory tunic stopped midthigh, zipped over matching pants that widen slightly at the ankle. This time around, black scrolled braid. Both costumes—which are hand-washable—are by Kayser Loungewear, in wool and Orlon jersey bonded to acetate. The black, $25; the ivory, $30. At Henri Bendel; Marshall Field.

Pyjamas for the Private I

At the end of the evening, we come to the life of the Private I—and some of the prettiest nightdressing ever. . . . Misty layers of watercolour-blues and pinks foam about delectably on pyjamas in a Turquerie mood—tiny sleeveless top with elastic just under the bosom; bare midriff; and billowy harem pants that wrap across the front and tie on the side, curl in at the knee. This charming fluff is by Warner's, of two layers in tricot of Du Pont nylon. $20 buys it at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field. . . . An amusing new night idea is a pair of narrowly pleated bell-bottom pyjamas in black georgette. The sleeveless top is a flutter of permanent pleats above a bare midriff. It's rimmed everywhere in white lace, tied at the throat with black satin ribbon. The lace-edged trousers settle on the hipbone, are pleated to the knee, then bell on, unpleated, to the ankle. A dreamy little number designed by Lynne Greene for Flair, of Dacron georgette. $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteters.



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